

THE
Cheerful Companion,
IN HIS
HOURS OF LEISURE:
CONTAINING
UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED
Songs, Tatches, Glees, &c.

Selected from the best Publications,
Ancient and Modern,
WITH MANY VALUAEE ORIGINALS.

BY G. CUNNINGHAM.

“ Flow'rs of all hues, and without thorn the rose.”

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 Errata.

Page 5, for *rif'd* with dragoons, r. *revell'd* with dragoons.

145, for *virgin troop* before the Dean, r. *Virgir troops &c.*



SONGS.

LOVE AND WINE.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.
To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow;
But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe!
What foul that's possest of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone!
For a tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.
The tender excess that enamours the heart
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd;
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jeft at that for which sages have died.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
 But Love's the true' sunshine that gladdens our life.
 Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
 The magic elusions that ravish the soul!
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl:
 Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly God, from thy banquet remove;
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
 That's mellow'd by Friendship, and sweeten'd by Love!

NANCY OF THE FAIR.

OH, Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor figh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lonely cot, and russet gown?
 No longer dressed in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare;
 Say, can't thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 Oh, Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
 Will thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 Oh, Nancy, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go?
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pangs of woe?

Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor wifful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou reprēs each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 Yes, Anna breathes the sacred vow,
 Than Venus more divinely blest!
 Sweet, gentle maid! full well I know
 The love that dwells in Anna's breast:
 One life shall both our bosoms cheer;
 And when by fate we're doom'd to part;
 May'ft thou survive, my Anna dear,
 And let me live in Anna's heart.

ANNA's URN.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay;
 Too soon did Heav'n assert the claim,
 And call'd its own away.
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
 Must never more return;
 What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
 Ah, me! my Anna's urn!
 Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
 Which blest with her I knew?
 Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwin'd,
 Were bound by love too true.

The rural train, which once were us'd
 In festive dance to turn,
 So pleas'd when Anna they amus'd,
 Now weeping deck her urn !
 The soul escaping from its chain,
 She clasp'd me to her breast,
 " To part with thee is all my pain,"
 She cry'd,—then funk to rest.
 While mem'ry shall her seat retain,
 From beauteous Anna torn,
 My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.
 There with the earliet dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate ;
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.
 With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My Anna there I'll mourn ;
 For all my soul, now she's dead,
 Concenters in her urn !

AIR, IN THE FARMER.

ERE around the huge oak, that o'ershadows yon mill,
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine ;
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on that hill,
 Or the rook built his nest in that pine :
 Could I trace back the time—a much earlier date !
 Since my forefathers toil'd in the field ;
 And the farm I now hold on your Honour's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
 He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me ;
 For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

WILLY's ABSENCE.

DEIL take the war that hurry'd Willy from me,
 Who to love me juft had fworn;
 They made him captain surely to undo me;
 Woe is me! he'll ne'er return.

A thoufand loons abroad will fight him—
 He from thoufands ne'er will run—
 Day and night I did invite him
 To ftay at home from fword or gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces,
 Now fighing, then crying, tears drooping fall;
 And had he my foft arms
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,
 By love grown mad,
 Without my bonny lad,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,
 And on my head a huge commode fat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again.
 For a new gowna too I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did fhine:
 Well might my lover think me gay and bonny,
 No Scotch lais was e'er fo fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe, too, with thread I knotted;
 Lac'd shoes, filken hose too garter'd over knee,
 But oh the fatal thought!
 To Willy these are nought,
 Who rode to towns,
 And rifl'd with dragoons,
 When he, filly loon! might have gained me.

HUNTING SONG.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold;
 The meadows all spangl'd with dew-drops behold!
 How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay!

CHORUS.

*With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow the bounds in full cry.*

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport;
 The slave of the state hunt the smiles of a court;
 No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
 The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee;
 The doctor a patient—the courtier a place;
 Though often, like us, they're flung out in the chace.

With the sports &c.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the soldier hunts fame;
 The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seem to refuse,
 Yet in spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.

With the sports &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health,
 With hounds and with horns thro' the woodlands to roam,
 And, when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports &c.

THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASH'D.

THE rose had been wash'd, lately wash'd in a show'r,
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.
 I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so drooping and drown'd,
 And wringing it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 It snapt, and it fell to the ground.
 Ah ! such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
 Already to sorrow resign'd.
 This elegant Rose had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.

FAIR ROSALE.

ON that fair bank where Lubin dy'd,
 Fair Rosale, a wretched maid,
 Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
 Faithful to her Lubin's shade:
 Oh ! may some kind, some gentle wave,
 Waft him to this mournful shore;
 These tender hands should make his grave,
 And deck his corpse with flowers o'er !
 I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
 And pray for his eternal rest,
 When time his form has worn away,
 His dust to place within my breast.
 While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
 And Echo to her grief reply'd;
 Lo ! at her feet his corpse was tost,
 She shriek'd, she clasp'd him ! figh'd, and dy'd !

THE BEAUTY OF THE MIND.

LADIES! would you know what magic,
Charms the heart of all mankind?
'Tis not bloom, nor form angelic,
But the beauty of the mind.

Graceful mien and handsome feature
Powerful attractions are;
But the choicest gifts of nature,
With this gift cannot compare.

Gaudy dress will ne'er avail you,
Fine complexions will decay,
But this beauty ne'er will fail you,
When all others fade away.

If already love's a duty,
And in wedlock's bands you're join'd,
Soon you'll see, without this beauty,
Happiness you ne'er can find.

THE SOLDIER's ADIEU!

ADIEU! adieu! my only life,
My honour calls me from thee!
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee:
What tho' by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appall'd;
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heav'n above thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender pray'r
Thou put'st up there,
Shall call a guardian angel down
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be
 As fword and buckler ferving ;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let perils come, let horroors threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflikt's heat,
 Assur'd, when on the wings of love,
 To heav'n above, &c.
 Enough—with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
 I go, assur'd; my life, adieu !
 The thund'ring cannons rattle ;
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heav'n above, &c.

THE BLUSH OF SIMPLICITY.

WHILE Mary, conscious that she loves,
 Would hide the crimson's transient hue,
 She veils the blush, which only proves
 A heart to love and William true.
 In erring maids, that fondly stray,
 A tinge as bright as thine we see ;
 Yet clouded looks its source betray,
 Unknown to innocence and thee.
 No cloud thine eyes of candour know,
 To shade their sweet expression o'er ;
 But, to the soft-suffusing glow,
 They kindle quick, and sparkle more.
 Ah ! may such glances ever speak
 The " Simple Blush" on Mary's cheek !

AIR, FROM MAHMOUD.

WHEN sleep had clos'd the trav'ller's eyes,
 By long fatigue oppres'd;
 While flumb'ring soft, serene he lies,
 And sinks in downy rest;
 By the glimpses of the moon,
 Springs the Arab on his prey;
 Or beneath the scorching noon,
 Bears the loaded wealth away.
 But, tho' in hours of sweet repose,
 His spoil the rover seek,
 Yet oft concern for human woes
 Impearls his glowing cheek;
 When the captive fair one pleads,
 Beauty, born to be ador'd,
 While resistance round him bleeds,
 Beauty triumphs o'er his sword.

THE VALENTINE OF HOPELESS LOVE.

WAK'D by the breath of spring, in ev'ry vale,
 The latent primrose rears her sickly head;
 The virgin snow-drop decks her verdant bed,
 And vi'lets blue perfume the passing gale.
 The tuneful linnet plumes her speckl'd wing,
 The tender stock-dove coos in ev'ry grove,
 The soaring lark sings loud the song of love,
 All nature owns thy influence, genial spring!
 All—all but me!—condemn'd by wayward fate,
 To bear love's keenest arrow in my breast,
 'Tis vain to wish—to hope, alas!—too late!
 No change of season brings me rest.
 A tear from thee is all the boon I crave,
 'To wet the with'ring sod that marks my grave!

ANACREONTIC.

TO Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
 A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
 That he their inspirer and patron would be ;
 When this answ're arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian :
 " Voice, fiddle, and flute,
 " No longer be mute,
 " I'll lend you my name and inspire ye to boot ;
 " And, besides, I'll instruct ye, like me, to entwine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."
 The news thro' Olympus immediately flew,
 When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs ;
 " If these mortals are suffer'd their plans to pursue,
 " The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
 " Hark ! (already they cry,
 " In transport of joy)
 " Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly ;
 " And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
 " The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fufty maids,
 " From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee ;
 " Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 " And the bi-forked hill a mere desart will be :
 " My thunder, no fear on't,
 " Will soon do its errand,
 " And, d-mme, I'll swinge the ring-leaders, I warrant ;
 " I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."
 Apollo rose up, and said, " pry'thee, nee'r quarrel,
 " Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below ;
 " Your thunder is useless." Then shewing his laurel,
 Cried, " *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !
 " Then over each head,
 " My laurel I'll spread,
 " So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,

“ Whilst, snug in their club-room, they jovially twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
 And sware with Apollo he’d cheerfully join;

“ The full tide of harmony still shall be his,

“ But the song, and the catch, and the laugh, shall be mine.

“ Then Jove be not jealous,

“ Of these honest fellows.”

“ Cried Jove, “ we relent, since the truth you now tell us;

“ And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;

“ Tis your’s to support what’s so happily plann’d;

You’ve the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united, and free !

And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

AIR, FROM LOCK AND KEY.

THE star of eve, day’s grateful close,
 Guides weary labour to repose,

Along the peaceful dell;

But not to me repose is near,

Unless that fairer star appear,

That gives so sweet farewell.

The shadowy night, on mantling wing,

Shall soon its downy treasures bring,

While lulling breezes swell;

But not to me comes balmy rest,

Unless her voice my ear has blest,

That bids so sweet farewell.

THE FAN.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 F As thus—a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.
 Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment's in the snap,
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent a gentle tap.
 All passions will the fair disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews
 The hand, if not the heart.
 'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

IN a cottage I live, and the cot of content,
 As its roof's neither lofty nor low,
 May boast that 'tis bless'd, like a patriarch's tent,
 With all the kind gods can bestow.
 'Tis a station which yields me a spring of delight,
 Which lordlings may envy to see ;
 And a king might behold it, and say, " Does this wight
 " A blessing possess more than me ?"
 My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,
 Where on mamon and pride I look down ;
 While the cuckoo's note, join'd with the clack of the mill,
 I prefer to the clack of the town.
 Of my house I'm the sov'reign, my wife is my queen,
 And she rules while she seeks to obey :

Thus the autumn of life, like the spring-tide serene,
 Makes November as cheerful as May.
 I lie down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,
 Health, spirits, and vigour to share;
 For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark,
 Which the deeds of the day planted there:
 And though bigots each night, to elude heav'n's wrath,
 To their saints and their wooden gods pray,
 Superstition I court not for daggers of lath
 In my sleep to drive demons away.
 Yet let not the egotist boast of his blifs,
 Nor to self be life's comforts confin'd;
 As he certainly merits all blesſings to miss,
 Who has no social impulse of mind.
 For my friend I've a board, I've a bottle and bed,
 And more welcome that friend if he's poor;
 Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my bread,
 Though a stranger, be shut from my door.
 No servant I stint, nor put key on my cock,
 To save a poor horn of small beer;
 Nor butt'ry, nor pantry, disgrac'd with a lock,
 Shall proclaim that old Gripe-all starves here:
 For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,
 To keep thieves and robbers at bay,
 But domestic attachment my house shall defend
 From freebooters by night and by day.

THE BLUSHING PINK.

THE blushing pink, the spotless white,
 Will always charm the purer sight,
 Disdaining gaudy pride;
 How can such colours fail to please,
 When, oh! with silken bands like these,
 True lover's knots are ty'd.

TO-MORROW; or, THE PROSPECT OF HOPE!

Tune—“ *With my jug in one hand.* ”

IN the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be !
 Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
 With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow ;
 And blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 With a barn for the use of the jail ;
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when my friend wants to borrow ;
 I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
 Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
 Secur'd by a neighbouring hill ;
 And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly,
 By the sound of a murmuring rill ;
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow ;
 With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten ;
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;
 As this worn-out old stuff which is threadbare to day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

THE DARING LINNET.

A Linnet just fledg'd, from its leaf-shady bow'r
 Its flight had too daringly took;
 Unable the wide ambient æther to tow'r,
 It flutter'd and fell in a brook.
 To save the sweet youngling fair Laura was nigh,
 She cherish'd and footh'd it to rest;
 Yet, she wet it as fast, from pity's soft eye,
 As the dry'd it's soft plumes on her breast.
 Thus vanity's pinions too oft we extend,
 And the dictates of reason forego;
 Then fall, like the linnet, nor meet with a friend,
 Like Laura to weep o'er our woe.

THE DESPONDING NEGRO.

ON Afric's wide plains, where the lion loud roaring,
 With freedom stalks forth the vast desert exploring,
 I was dragg'd from my hut, and enchain'd like a slave,
 In a dark floating dungeon upon the salt wave:
 Spare a halfpenny to a poor negro.
 Toft on the wild main I all wildly despairing,
 Burst my chains, rush'd on deck with mine eye-balls wide glaring,
 When the lightning's dread blast struck the inlets of day,
 And its glorious bright beams shut for ever away:
 Spare a halfpenny &c.

The despoiler of man then his prospect thus losing
 Of gain by my sale, not a blind bargain chooing,
 As my value, compar'd with my keeping, was light,
 Had me dash'd overboard in the dead of the night.

Spare a halfpenny &c.

And but for a bark to Britannia's coast bound then,
 All my cares by that plunge in the deep had been drown'd then,

But, by moonlight descry'd, I was snatch'd from the wave,
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave:

Spare a halfpenny &c.

How disastrous my fate freedom's ground tho' I tread now,
Torn from home, wife, and children, and wand'ring for bread now,
While feas roll between us which ne'er can be cross'd,
And hope's distant glimm'ring in darkness is lost.

Spare a halfpenny &c.

But of minds foul and fair when the Judge and the Ponderer,
Shall restore light and rest to the blind and the wanderer,
The European's deep dye may outrival the floe,
And the soul of an Ethiop prove white as the snow.

Spare a halfpenny &c.

TRIUMPH OF CERES; OR, HARVEST HOME.

Tune—“*What beauteous Scenes enchant my sight.*”

WHAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn !

Behold ! the loaded car appears,

In joyful triumph drawn ;

The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,

Still shouting as they come,

With rustic instruments in hand,

Proclaim the Harvest-home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,

Within the barn are stor'd ;

The careful hind, with secret joy

Exulting, views his hoard.

His labours past, he counts his gains :

And, freed from anxious care,

His casks are broach'd ; the fun-burnt swains

His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent;
 All ply the spicy bowl:
 And jests and harmless merriment
 Expand the artless soul.
 Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
 Who still reap'd by his side;
 And plights his troth, if she proves kind,
 To take her for his bride.
 For joys like these, through circling years,
 Their toilsome task they tend:
 The kind successive labour bears,
 In prospect of the end;
 In Spring or Winter, sows his seed,
 Manures or tills the soil;
 In Summer various cares succeed;
 But Harvest crowns his toil.

THE SWEET SOCIAL HOUR.

Tune—“*Ere around the huge oak.*”

THE fav'rites of fortune their treasures may boast,
 And may tempt us to bow at their shrine;
 The gay, thoughtless lover his mistress will toast,
 And, transported, believes her divine.
 Diana, she points to the joys of the field,
 And offers a scene of delight;
 But all, say the vot'ries of Bacchus, must yield,
 When the charms of the bottle invite.
 Yet pleasures, when vary'd, appear like a dream,
 Tho' her traits are so often esp'y'd;—
 But sons of true mirth, ye may drink of the stream,
 If fair Virtue—if Reason preside.
 How few are the minds in this mortal estate,
 Who are blest with Content's happy store!—

Good friends, too, I've known, when was humble their fate,
But, exalted, they knew me no more.

The beauty of women I feel with a glow,
And of love, I have tasted it's pow'r,
Yet, amid the enjoyments I wish for below,
Gods, give me the sweet Social Hour !

I'D THINK ON THEE MY LOVE.

IN storms when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In midst of all those dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms:
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love!

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
And art is vain the ship to guide;
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers;
 The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious Pow'rs prove kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And wast me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore;

 No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
 I then with thee,
 Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

JESSE.

Tune—“*Thou soft-flowing Avon.*”

I Boast not the smiles that adorn Jesse's face,
 Where, fondly enraptur'd, new beauties I trace;
 Her bosom, that surely a Stoic can warm,
 Or her tongue's magic pow'rs that resolute can charm,

Far dearer to me are the charms of her mind,—
 'Tis Virtue, like fetters, my senses can bind;—
 All earthly perfections in Jesse unite,
 I gaze—and am lost in extatic delight !

In yonder lone cottage, where sickness and care,
 Where wretchedness triumph'd, and courted despair,
 I stole unperceiv'd—and beheld the dear maid,
 In Charity's garments celestial array'd.

The victims of sorrow but spoke with their eyes,—
 The tear, from my Jesse, most kindly replies :
 To warm adoration was heighten'd my love;
 I thought her a goddess, and sent from above !

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
 When forc'd from her to go,
 Adown her cheeks raine'd many a tear—
 My heart was fraught with woe.
 Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we flood,
 The land we left behind ;
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;

For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart would break.
 The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more!
 And have they torn my love away?
 And is he gone?—she cry'd:
 My Polly—sweetest flower of May—
 She languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd!

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

IN the dead of the night, when, with labour opprest,
 All mortals enjoy the sweet blessing of rest,
 A boy knock'd at my door, I woke with the noise,
 Who is it? said I, that my rest thus destroys.

He answered so softly, so gentle, so mild,
 I am a poor little unfortunate child;
 It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,
 And I have lost my way, so pray let me in.

In compassion I rose, and striking a light,
 I open'd the door, when a boy met my sight;
 He had wings at his shoulders, the rain from them dript,
 And with bow and arrow the boy was equipt.

I stir'd up my fire, set him down by my side,
 And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd;
 I chafed him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
 And the wet I wrung out with my hand from his hair.

No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,
 Than, taking his bow, said, Ma'am, if you please,
 If you please I would fain by experiment know,
 If the rain has not damag'd the string of my bow.

Then strait from his quiver an arrow he drew,
 Which he aim'd at my heart, and twang went the yew;
 My bow is not damag'd, nor yet is my dart,
 But you'll find some trouble in bearing the smart.

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

THE Romans in England once did fway,
 The Saxons they after them led the way,
 They tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow
 They both of them got by the Norman bow.

Yet barring all pother,
 'The one and the other,
 Were all of them Kings in their turn.

Little Willy, the Conqueror, long did reign,
 But Billy, his son, by an arrow was slain;
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
 But Stephie was forc'd for his crown to fight.
 Yet barring &c.

Second Harry, Plantagenet's name did bear,
 And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir;
 But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
 Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.
 Yet barring &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold;
 But the Second by rebels was bought and sold;
 And Teddy the Third was his subject's pride,
 Though Dicky, his grandson, was popp'd aside.
 Yet barring &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
 And Harry the Fifth, like a cock would fight;
 Tho' Henney, his son, like a chick did pout,
 When 'Teddy, his cousin, had kick'd him out.
 Yet barring &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth, he was kill'd in bed
 By butchering Dick, who was knock'd in head;
 Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
 And Harry the Eighth grew as fat as a pig.
 Yet barring &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
 Though Mary made fire and faggot to blaze;
 But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame!
 And bonny king Jamy from Scotland came.
 Yet barring &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
 But Charley, his son, was a comical blade;
 And Jamy the Second, when hotly spur'd,
 Run away, d'ye see, from Willy the Third.
 Yet barring &c.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and sea,
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway:
 And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead;
 And may his son's sons to the end of the Chapter,
 Be all of them Kings in their turn.

POOR TOM; OR, THE SAILOR's EPITAPH.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempests howling,
 For death has broach'd him too.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare ;
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair ;
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
 Ah ! many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft !

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When HE, who all commands,
 Shall join, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doft ;
 For tho' his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft !

BONNY JAMIE O !

WHERE new-mown hay on winding Tay,
 The sweets of spring discloses,
 As I one morning singing lay
 Upon a bank of roses,
 Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead
 By geud luck chanc'd to spy me,
 He took his bonnet off his head
 And gently sat down by me.

O my bonny Jamie O !
 I care not tho' the world should know
 How dearly I love Jamie O !

The fwain, tho' I right muckle prize,
 Yet now I wad na ken him,
 But with a frown my heart disguis'd,
 And strave away to fend him ;
 But fondly he still nearer press'd,
 And, at my feet down lying,
 His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.

O my bonny Jamie &c.

But still resolving to deny,
 And angry accents feigning,
 I often roughly shot him by
 With words fu of disdaining :
 He feiz'd my hand, and nearer drew,
 And gently chiding au my pride,
 So sweetly did the shepherd woo,
 I, blushing, vow'd to be his bride.

O my bonny Jamie &c.

THE RARA AVIS.

SWEET' sung the lark high pois'd in air,
 When on as sweet a morn,
 In Hymen's fane, one fate to share,
 Anna and I were sworn.
 Sweetly the thrush, in varied song,
 The vacant joy encreas'd,
 When kindly came the village throng
 To join the marriage feast.
 But sweeter sang the nightingale,
 Love's herald of the grove,
 When Cynthia, thro' the silver vale,
 Led to the bow'r of love !
 The lark's sweet morning song of joy
 Is known by that content,

A lovely girl and blooming boy
 Are giv'n us to cement :
 The thrush still merrily at noon,
 In varied cadence sings,
 When smiling fortune oft some boon,
 To cheer our labour, brings.
 Nor time far distant, shall we grieve,
 Tho' blessing now and blest,
 When Philomel, at nature's eve,
 Shall lull us into rest.

THE WATCHMAN.

A Watchman I am, and I know all the round,
 The housekeepers, the strays, and the lodgers ;
 Where low dev'l's, rich dongs, and high rips may be found,
 Odd dickies, queer kidds, and rum codgers.

Of money and of property
 I'm he that takes the care,
 And cries, when I see rogues go by,
 Hey ! what are you doing there ?

Only a little busines in that house—you understand me—Under-
 stand you ? Well, I believe you are an honest man : d'ye hear,
 bring me an odd silver candlestick.

Then to my box I creep,
 And then fall fast asleep.
 Saint Faul's strikes one :
 Thus, after all the mischief's done,
 I goes and gives them warning,
 And loudly bawls,
 While strikes St. Paul's,
 Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning !

Then round as the hour I merrily cries,
 Another find mess I discover ;

For a curious rope-ladder I straightway espies,
And Miss Forward expecting her lover.

Then to each other's arms they fly,
My life, my soul—Ah, ah !
Fine work, Miss!—hot upon't; cries I,
I'll knock up your papa.

No, no, you wont.—I shall.—Worthy old soul ! to be treated in this manner.—Here, here, take this.—Oh, you villain, want to bribe an honest Watchman, and with such a trifle too!—Well, well, here's more.—More ! you seem to be a spirited lad : now do make her a good husband: I'm glad you have trick'd the old hunks ; good night ; I wish you safe to Gretna-Green !

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep—
What's that ? St. Paul's strikes two :
The lovers off; what does I do,
But gives the father warning !
And loudly bawls, &c.

Then towards the Square, from my box, as I looks,
I hears such a ranting and tearing ;
'Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pigeons, and rooks,
Are laughing and singing, and swearing :
Then such a hubbub, and a din,
How they blasphem and curse !—
That thief has stole my dimond pin :—
Watch, watch ! I've lost my purse !

Watch ! Here—I charge you, and I charges you : 'tis a marvellous thing, that honest people can't go home without being robb'd ; which is the thief ? That's the thief, that trick'd me out of two hundred pounds this evening. Ah, that you know is all in the way of busines : but which is the thief that stole the gentleman's purse ! That's him. What, Sam Snatch ! Give it to me, Sam. He has not got your purse, you are mistaken in your man.—Go home peaceably, and don't oblige me to take you to the watch-house.

Then to my box I creep,
 And then fall fast asleep.—
 What's that? St. Paul's strikes three.
 Thus from my roguery I gets free
 By giving people warning,
 And loudly bawls, &c.

SWEET LILLIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores,
 With merry song and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours:
 Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find
 A girl like blithesome Sally;
 Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nesting of each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social, gay, and free;
 Yet, tho' the lasses love as well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her, who cries
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
 To use my native toil;
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country foil;
 I care not which, with either pleas'd,
 So I possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph, who cries
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
 Merry Momus amongst them was fat as a guest:
 (Homer says the celestials love laughing.)—
 On each in the Synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove;
 He fung, reparteed, and some finart stories told,
 And at length he began upon Jove.

“ Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 “ Grows grievously tir'd of late ;
 “ He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 “ So he begs to be eas'd of his weight.”
 Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball ;
 Gave his daughter *Attraction* the charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round
 To see what each climate was worth :
 Like a diamond the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 And the variously planted the earth :
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,—
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
 What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
 And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this Isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of Liberty 'gan than to simile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
 Thus fed and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas given !
 We will while we've breath ; nay, we'll grasp it in death,
 Then return it untainted to heav'n.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

DEAR Ladies, if Love is the plan you pursue,
 Whether single or marry'd I'll give you advice;
 I'll prove your physician and counsellor too,
 And ask in return but your smiles as my price:
 First you that would join in the conjugal band,
 And wish to get marry'd as soon as you can,
 Let love and good temper go hand in hand,
 And then never doubt but you'll conquer your man.

Next, you that are married, and wish to remain
 Ever pleasing and lovely wherever you go;
 In your minds, charming ladies, this maxim retain,
 When a husband says YES, never answer him NO;
 Shou'd he frown, with a smile his ill-nature repay,
 'Tis a proof of indulgence, but humour the plan;
 And if now and then you give him his way,
 Of this never doubt but you'll conquer your man.

Let this be your plan, whether virgins or wives,
 And, ladies! believe me, you're sure to be right:
 Good-temper 's the pill to make happy your lives,
 'Tis the balm of affection, and source of delight:
 The term call'd OBEY, which you chance may have heard,
 Is compris'd in such limits you easy may span;
 Be kind and good-temper'd, composes the word,
 Do this, and ne'er doubt, but you'll conquer your man.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I Sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib how it smack'd thro' the breeze!
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas.

Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
 Our girls, and our dear native shore:
 For, if some hard rock we should split on,
 We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers;
 Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives, we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have sunk;
 For the wind so began for to alter,
 She reel'd, just as thof she was drunk.
 The squall tore the mainsail to shivers;
 Helm a-weather the hoarse boatswain cries,
 Brace the foresail athwart—see she quivers,
 As through the rough tempest she flies.
 But sailors were born &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black juft as pitch was the sky,
 When truly a doleful disaster
 Befel three poor sailors and I;
 Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
 By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just while we were furling the main-sail,
 Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
 But sailors were born &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi!
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they funk down in peace to old Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
 Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
 But I, and (I think) twenty-two!
 But sailors were born &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarry'd,
 Another gues's way sat the wind,
 For to England I came, and got marry'd
 To a lass that was lovely and kind :
 But, whether for joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we are born ;
 Perhaps I may find a kind station ;
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape-Horn !
 But sailors were born for all weathers ;
 Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must go.

AIR, IN THE SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

WHEN night, and left upon my guard,
 Nor whisp'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard,
 And stars beneath close branches peep,
 And birds are hush'd in downy sleep,
 My soul to softest thoughts resign'd,
 And lovely Mary fills my mind—
 At every noise for bluff—“ Who's there ? ”
 I gently breathe, “ Is't thou, my fair ? ”
 “ Thy dying soldier hafte and fee,
 “ Oh ! come, sweet Mary, come to me ! ”
 As on my post, thro' blaze of day,
 The wretched, happy, sad and gay,
 In quick succession move along—
 I see, nor hear, the passing throng,
 My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
 I hug my musket in my arms ;
 So all of passion, joy and grief,
 When comrades bring the glad relief,
 I cry, “ Thy soldier hafte and fee—
 “ Oh ! come sweet Mary, come to me ! ”

A HINT TO THE FAIR SEX.

ATTEND all ye Fair, and I'll tell you the art
 To bind ev'ry fancy with ease in your chains,
 To hold in soft fetters the conjugal heart,
 And banish from Hymen his doubts and his pains.

When Juno accepted the Cestus of Love,
 She at first was but handsome—then charming became,
 It taught her with skill the soft passions to move ;
 To kindle at once, and to keep up the flame.

Ye Fair, take the Cestus, and practise its art,
 The mind unaccomplish'd, mere features are vain ;
 Exert your sweet pow'r, you'll conquer each heart,
 And the loves, joys, and graces, will walk in your train.

THE HAPPY MEETING.

AS Jamie gay, gang'd blithe his way,
 Along the banks of Tweed,
 A bonny lass, as ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the mead ;
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd :
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespeak the pretty maid.

Dear lass, tell, why by thine fel
 Thou haft'ly wand'reft here ?
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide ;
 Canst tell me, laddie, where ?
 To town iie hie, he made reply,
 Some muckle sport to fee ;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 Ise seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
 But like the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went:
 The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 (The zenith of his pow'r)
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour:
 The bonny lad raw'd in his plaid
 The lass who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she saught,
 And he to gang to town.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

WHAT virgin or shepherd, in valley or grove,
 Will envy my innocent lays;
 The song of the heart and the offspring of love,
 When sung in my Corydon's praise:
 O'er brook and o'er brake as he hies to the bow'r,
 How lightsome my shepherd can trip;
 And sure when of love he describes the soft pow'r,
 The honey-dew drops from his lip.

How sweet is the primrose, the vi'let how sweet,
 And sweet is the eglantine breeze;
 But Corydon's kis, when by moonlight we meet,
 To me is far sweeter than these:
 I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,
 I sigh when I offer to speak,

And, oh ! what delight my fond bosom o'erflows,
When I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes on the spray,
Let the pipe thro' the village resound,
Be smiles in each face, O ye shepherds to-day,
And ring the bells merrily round :
Your favours prepare, my companions, with speed,
Affit me my blushes to hide,
A twelvemonth ago on this day, I agreed,
To be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

FRIENDSHIP WITH WOMAN.

THO' the turbulent season of passion is o'er,
The pulse is grown feeble, the breast heaves no more ;
I realize pleasures which rovers but dream,
In the sweet conversation of her I esteem.

In friendship with woman there's joy without pain,
There's a charm—there's a something too nice to explain ;
"Tis a bliss far exceeding the frenzy of love,
"Tis an earnest of that which we hope for above !

TOBY PHILPOT.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Kate of the Vale)
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old foul,
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl :
In boozing about 'twas his pride to excell,
And amongst jolly topers he bore off the belle.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe quaffing sorrow away,
 And with hearty old Ringo was soaking his clay;
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug;
 Now, sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 I'll drink to my lovely sweet Kate of the Vale.

OLD AGNES.

(SEQUEL TO TOBY PHILPOT.)

MY true-hearted fellows who smoke with such glee,
 To beg your attention for once I'll make free,
 And sing of our pipes, whilst thus merry and snug,
 We soften our cares as we lighten our jug...
 This jug, which, from Toby, its origin boasts;
 Old Toby, whose mem'ry enlivens the toast.

Toby's fame, like his size, spread so great by his ale,
 That for Agnes no room could be found in the tale;
 Honest Agnes the social support of his life,
 Both for quaffing and size was well pair'd as his wife;
 Therefore singing her praise, we with joy will regale,
 Whilst our pipes and our jug give a zest to our ale.

The potter who shrewdly found Toby's remains,
 Thought a visit again there might answer his pains,
 Where, in brief, he found Agnes, whose death, as her life,
 Made her qualify'd duly to lie as his wife:
 Her fair fame all the village incessantly quote,
 Whose Vicar the following Epitaph wrote:

Epitaph.

“ Agnes Philpot, the wife of old Toby, renown’d,
 “ Who liv’d whilst on earth, now lies dead in the ground ;
 “ The care of her grieving for Toby to bilk,
 “ She soften’d her sorrows with brandy and milk :
 “ Swoln with silky she thriv’d, till her skin gave a crack,
 “ When Death, popping in, laid her here on her back.”

* * * * *

At these lines our good potter a happy thought started,
 That Toby and Agnes should never be parted ;
 So he took of her clay, which was white as her milk,
 And temper’d with brandy, ‘till softer than silk ;
 Then forming these Pipes, he advis’d, fly and snug,
 That we kiss her fair clay, and shake hands with his jug.

PLATO’s ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heav’n hath made him great ?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck’d with wealth or slate ?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair, —
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care ?
 The scepter’d king, the burthen’d slave,
 The humble, and the haughty die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore ;
 The wealth and glory they posseis’d,
 And all their honours, are no more.

So glides the meteor thro' the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train,—
 But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls:—
 Let friendship reign while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls:—
 When Jove us calls we must obey.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
 The confusion but hear, "I bet you, Sir—done, done!"
 Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,—
 Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear:
 Whilst with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,—
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast;
 Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
 The HIGH-METTLED RACER first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
 Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
 Thro' marsh, fen, and briar, led by their fly prey,
 They by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way;
 While alike born for sports of the field and the course,
 Always sure to come thro'—a staunch and fleet horse:
 When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,—
 The HIGH-METTLED RACER is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up,—and turn'd out of the stud;
 Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood;
 While knowing postillions the pedigree trace,
 Tell his dam won *this sweepstakes*, his sire gain'd *that race*;
 And what *matches* he won too, the hostlers count o'er
 As they loiter their time at some hedge-alchouse door.
 While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
 The HIGH-METTLED RACER's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
 Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
 Blind, old, lame, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
 Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still;
 And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
 While a pitying crowd his sad relicks surrounds—
 The HIGH-METTLED RACER—is sold for the hounds.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
 There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
 The bright sun-shine that soften'd the scene
 Was—a smile from the girl of my heart.
 Not a swain when the lark quits her nest,
 But to labour with glee will depart,
 If at eve he expects to be blest
 With—a smile from the girl of his heart.
 Come then crosses and cares as they may,
 Let my mind still this maxim impart,
 That the comfort of man's fleeting day
 Is—a smile from the girl of his heart.

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 Does my sweet William sail among the crew?
 William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro;

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.
 So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
 O, Susan, Susan! lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:
 We only part to meet again.
 Change, as ye lift, ye winds; my heart shall be
 'The faithful compaſs, that still points to thee.
 Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find—
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present, wherefo'er I go.
 If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:
 Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale;
 Thy skin is ivory so white:
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.
 Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must the stay aboard:
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
 Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily-hand.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose &c.
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain:
*Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
 Must &c.
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia! &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 More dreadful &c.

As the loud blast, loud blast that rends the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia! &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia! &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 Thy cities &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia! &c.

The Muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Shall &c.

Bles'd isle! with beauty, with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia! &c.

MY NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To ev'ry passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn, at break of day,
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade;
 The canzonet and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade :
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE WATRY GOD,
IN HONOUR OF ADMIRAL HAWKE.

THE Watry God, Great Neptune, lay
In dalliance soft, and amorous play,
On Amphytrite's breast ;
When Uproar rear'd her horrid head,
The Tritons shrunk, the Neriads fled,
And all their fears confest.

Loud Thunder shook the vast domain,
The liquid world was wrapt in flame,
The God amazed spoke,
Ye winds ! go forth, and make it known,
Who dares to shake my coral throne,
And fill my realms with smoak.

The winds, obsequious at his nod,
Sprang strongly up t' obey their god,
And saw two fleets away :
The one, Victorious HAWKE, was thine,
The other CONFLAN's wretched line,
In terror and dismay.

Then down descend, and tell their chief,
That France was ruin'd past relief,
And HAWKE triumphant rode :
HAWKE ! cries the chief, pray who is he ?
That dares usurp my power at sea,
And thus insult a god ?

The winds reply,—" In distant lands
" There lives a KING who HAWKE commands,
" Who scorns all foreign force.
" And when his floating castles roll
" From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
" Great HAWKE directs their course.

“ Or when his winged bullets fly,
 “ To punish fraud or perfidy,
 “ Or scourge a guilty land,—
 “ Then gallant HAWKE, serenely great,
 “ Tho’ death and horror round him wait,
 “ Performs the dread command.”

Neptune with wonder heard the story,
 Of GEORGE’s sway, and BRITAIN’s glory,
 Which time shall ne’er subdue.

BOSCAWEN’s deeds, and SAUNDER’s fame,
 Join’d with brave WOLFE’s immortal name,
 Cry’d out, “ Can this be true?”

“ A King! he needs must be a god,
 “ Who has such heroes at his nod,
 “ To govern earth and sea:
 “ I yield my Trident and my Crown,
 “ As tribute due to such renown,
 “ Great GEORGE shall rule for me.”

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

BY the side of a mountain o’ershadow’d with trees,
 With thick clusters of vine intermingled and wove;
 I beheld my thatch’d cottage, dear mansion of ease,
 The seat of contentment, of friendship, and love.

Each morn, when I open the latch of my door,
 My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds sing,
 And at night, when the dance in the village is o’er,
 On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon-scorching ray,
 While the torrent’s deep murmurs re-echoing sound,
 When the herds quit their pasture to quaff the clear stream,
 And the flocks in the vale lie extended around;

I muse, but my thoughts are contented and free,
 I regret not the splendor of riches and pride;
 The delights of retirement are dearer to me
 Than the proudest appendage to greatness ally'd.

I sing, and my song is the carol of joy,
 My cheeks glow with health, like the wild rose in bloom;
 I dance, yet forget not, tho' blithesome and gay,
 That I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb:
 Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
 With a conscience unspotted, I pass thro' life's scene;
 On the wings of delight ev'ry moment shall fly,
 And the end of my days be resign'd and serene.

OLD OLIVER; OR, THE DYING SHEPHERD.

RECITATIVE.

THE Shepherd, Oliver, grown white with years,
 Like some old oak weigh'd down by winter snows,
 Now drew the village sighs, and village tears;
 His eye-lids sinking to their last repose.
 Yet ere expir'd Life's trembling flame, and pale,
 Thus to the bleating bands around his door,
 That seem'd to mourn his absence from their vale,
 The feeble Shepherd spoke, and spoke no more!

AIR.

O, my Flock ! whose kind voices I hear,
 Adieu ! ah, for ever adieu !
 No more on your hills I appear,
 And together our pleasure pursue :
 No more, at the peep of the day,
 From valley to valley we rove,
 'Mid the streamlets, and verdure of May,
 'Mid the zephyrs, and shade of the grove.

No more to my voice shall ye run,
 And, bleating, your Shepherd surround ;
 And, while I repose in the sun,
 Like a guard, watch my sleep on the ground.

When Winter, with tempeit and cold,
 Dims the eye of pale Nature with woe,
 I lead you no more to the fold,
 With your fleeces all cover'd with snow.

O, mourn not at Oliver's death !
 Unwept my last sand let it fall ;
 Ye too must resign your sweet breath,
 For *who* his *past* years can recall ?

O, take all your Shepherd can give !
 Receive my last thanks, and last sigh ;
 Whose simplicity taught me to *live*,
 And whose innocence teaches to *die* !

MARY's DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee ;
 And from the eastern summit shed,
 Her filver lights on tow'r and tree ;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
 Then soft and slow a voice was heard,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."
 She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye :
 " O, Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 " It lies beneath a stormy sea ;

" Far, far from thee, I sleep death,
 " So, Mary, weep no more for me.
 " Three stormy nights and stormy days
 " We tos'd upon the raging main ;
 " And long we strove our bark to fave,
 " But all our striving was in vain :
 " E'en then, what horror chill'd my blood,
 " My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
 " The storm is past, and I at rest,
 " So, Mary, weep no more for me.
 " O ! maiden dear ! thyself prepare,
 " We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 " Where love is free from doubt and care,
 " And thou and I shall part no more."
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

MARY's DREAM AT SANDY's TOMB.

Largo.

LOUD toll'd the stern bellman of night,
 When Mary, dejected and sad,
 To the turf had directed her flight,
 Wherein her cold lover lay clad.

How long, my lov'd Sandy, she cry'd,
 Must my heart in lone anguish complain ?
 How long ? 'till in death we're ally'd,
 And fate cannot part us again.

Hark ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb ;
 " Come, Mary, (it cries) come away ;
 " To partake of thy lover's sad doom,
 " And rest thee beside his cold clay."

Largetto Siciliano.

I hear the kind call, and I come,
 Ye friends and companions, adieu !
 I hafte to my Sandy's dark tomb,
 To die on his bosom, so true.
 I hear the kind call, and obey ;
 Ah ! Sandy, receive me, she cried ;
 Then breathing a sigh o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tombstone—and dy'd !

POOR JACK!

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And it e'n't to a little I'll strike ;
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack smooth shou'd finite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood—
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse ev'ry thing tight,
 And under reef'd fore-sail we'll scud—
 Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles a-back ;
 For they say there's a Providence fits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of **POOR JACK** !

Why, I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day
 About souls—heaven—mercy—and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay !
 Why, 'twas juft all as one as High Dutch :
 But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that comes down below ;
 And many fine things, which prov'd clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow.
 " For (says he) d'ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 " Take the top-lifts of sailors a-back,

" There's a sweet little Cherub fits perch'd up aloft
 " To keep watch for the life of POOR JACK!"

I said to our Poll (for you see she would cry)
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 " What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye,
 " Why, what a great fool you must be!
 " Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
 " Both for seaman and lubbers ashore;
 " And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
 " Why, you never will hear of me more!
 " What then?—all's a hazard—come don't be so soft—
 " Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 " For, d'ye see, there's a Cherub fits smiling aloft,
 " To keep watch for the life of POOR JACK!"

D'ye mind me, a sailor shou'd be ev'ry inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As to me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs—
 My heart is my Poll's—and my rhino my friend's,
 And as for my life—'tis the king's!
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As with grief to be taken a-back—
 For that same little Cherub that fits up aloft
 Will look out a good birth for POOR JACK!

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL!
 A SEQUEL TO POOR JACK!

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,
 Alas! I mayn't see him again;
 In spite of all talking I could not but weep—
 To help it I'm sure was in vain:

Then he broke from my arms and bid me farewell,
 Saying, Come Poll, my soul, it won't do,
 So, d'ye hear, avaft whining, and sobbing, my girl,
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you.

I could not help thinking that Jack was in sight,
 From a something that whisper'd d'ye see,

There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at distance each thought is employ'd,
 And nought can delight me on shore ;
 I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,
 And Jack, I shall never see more.

But then 'tis but fancy, that Angel above,
 Who can do such a number of things,
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
 And so to myself I thus sings ;

What matters repining, my heart shall be light,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,

There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet Angel, wherever he be,
 Forget to look out after Jack—

Why then he may never return unto me,
 Ah, never, no never, come back ;
 But oh ! it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
 To make the salt water his grave ;

And why should I then each tale tell or mind,
 Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave ;
 Besides, I will never kind Providence slight,
 For a something there whispers d'ye see,

There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

EDWIN AND MYRA.

WHERE flows sweet Avon's silver stream,
 Whose banks are deck'd with flow'rets gay,
 There Edwin made soft love his theme,
 While Myra listen'd to his lay :
 His dulcet pipe then fill'd the vale,
 And hills and floods return'd the sound ;
 Gay transport wing'd each spicy gale,
 And Myra's wreath her Edwin crown'd.

The day was fix'd—the hour was near—
 When Edwin's bosom throb'd with joy :
 But Myra felt a timid fear,
 That rising rapture did destroy :—
 Whilst Myra waited for her love,
 The gloomy eve portended rain ;
 Fierce whirlwinds whistled thro' the grove,
 And lightnings stream'd across the plain.

But Edwin's soul, contemning fear,
 For love wou'd storms and thunders brave—
 Ye maidens drop for him a tear,
 Too soon confign'd unto a grave !
 The torrent bore his body far,
 It down the stream did rapid glide—
 Thus adverse fortune sore did mar
 The joys of Edwin's hapless bride !

Poor Myra rose at dawn of day,
 No rest had footh'd her anxious heart—
 But horrid dreams, with dread dismay,
 Did terror to her foul impart.
 Incautious swains the story told,
 She fainting sunk upon the plain ;—
 "What !—dead and gone ?—my Edwin cold !"—
 Then, shrieking, burst her heart in twain !

FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found.
 O Friendship ! thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life !
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife !
 Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour ?
 How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend !
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase ;
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere !
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

BACCHUS AND MARS.

AS Bacchus and Mars once together were fitting,
 Discoursing on subjects their godships befitting ;
 Quoth Mars—" My friend Bacchus, I ne'er could divine,
 " Why our favourite island produces no wine ;
 " For tell me what people on earth better merit
 " This excellent drink of the gods to inherit ?"
 " That the BRITONS deserve to have plenty of wine,
 " Is true, (answer'd Bacchus) because they are thine ;
 " And when they have wanted I gladly would know,
 " Since I, my good friend, have dispens'd it below ?
 " For tho' the rich clusters their isle don't produce,
 " I always take care to supply them with juice.
 " Their neighbours in France, Spain, and Portugal toil,
 " To compensate this want in the fam'd British soil ;

* For you know that when Jove first created the ball,
 * Some defect, he decreed, in each country should fall;
 * And who can discover ought wanting but this,
 * For England to rival e'en heaven in bliss?
 * Their women as beauteous we often behold,
 * As if form'd with our clay in your mistress's mould;
 * While their men so much valour display in the field,
 * That they make, like yourself, ev'ry enemy yield:
 * Then what room for regret, tho' no grapes they can shew,
 * Since they always beat those in whose kingdoms they grow.

THE LIQUOR OF LIFE.

TO banish life's troubles, the Grecian old Sage
 Preft the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl;
 Which made him forget all the cares of old age,
 It bloom'd in his face and made happy his foul:
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumpers around,
 'Tis the liquor of life that each care can controul.
 This jovial philosopher taught that the fun
 Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main;
 That the planets would tipple away as they run,
 The earth wanted moisture and soak'd up the rain:
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumpers around,
 'Tis the liquor of life, and why should we refrain.
 Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
 The hero and lover alike it makes bold;
 Vexations in life's busy scene 'twill remove,
 Delightful alike to the young and the old:
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumpers around,
 That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

THE MORNING DREAM.

Tune—“ *Tweed Side.*”

'TWAS in the glad season of spring,
 Asleep at the dawn of the day,
 I dreamt what I cannot but sing,
 So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.
 I dreamt that on ocean afloat,
 Far West from fair Albion I sail'd,
 While the billows high-lifted the boat,
 And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.
 In the fleerage a woman I saw,
 Such at least was the form that she wore,
 Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,
 Ne'er taught me by woman before.
 She sat, and a shield at her side
 Shed light, like a sun, on the waves,
 And smiling divinely, she cry'd—
 “ I go to make FREEMEN of SLAVES.”
 Then raising her voice to a strain,
 The sweetest that ear ever heard,
 She sung of the Slave's broken chain,
 Wherever her glory appear'd.
 Some clouds which had over us hung,
 Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,
 And methought, while she Liberty sung,
 'Twas Liberty only to hear.
 Thus, swiftly dividing the flood,
 To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
 Where a Demon, her enemy stood,
 OPPRESSION his terrible name.
 In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
 A scourge hung with lashes, he bore,
 And stood, looking out for his prey
 From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But, soon as approaching the land,
 That goddes-like woman he view'd,
 The scourge he let fall from his hand,
 With the blood of his subjects embru'd.

I saw him both ficken and die,
 And the moment the monster expir'd,
 Heard shouts which ascended the sky,
 From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse,
 On what such a dream might betide?
 But soon my ear caught the glad news,
 Which serv'd my weak thoughts for a guide,
 That BRITANNIA, renown'd o'er the waves,
 For the hatred she ever has shewn
 To the black-scepter'd Rulers of Slaves—
 Resolves to have none of her own !

THE WANDERING LAMB,

AN anxious mother search'd in vain,
 To find her infant darling lamb,
 Which playful stray'd from off the plain,
 So lost its way, so lost its dam:
 The bleating mother's rending cries
 Soon reach'd the passing trav'ller's ear,
 Each bleating sound was fill'd with sighs,
 Affection drops sweet nature's tear.

Hard cruel fate ! most sad to tell,
 The snow fell fast, the cold severe,
 When, near a dismal dreary dell,
 This little wand'rer perish'd there !
 There, on a bank of feather'd snow,
 The hapless victim funk to rest;
 Death kindly gave a gentle blow,
 And fill'd with care the mother's breast !

PADDY O'BLARNEY.

IS'T my country you'd know?—I'm an Irishman born,
 And they christen'd me Paddy O'Blarney;
 In haymaking-time I slept over one morn
 All the way from the lakes of Killarney;
 Turn'd my hand to just whatever came in my way;
 To be sure while the fun shin'd I did not make hay!
 Well then you know the wives and daughters of the farmers
 won't—well, they won't—
 Have plenty of cause to remember the day
 When first they saw PADDY O'BLARNEY.

Then what does I do?—The next calling I seeks,
 (Ah! the world for the lakes of Killarney!)
 I cries mack'rel alive—that were caught for three weeks;
 Ah! let alone PADDY O'BLARNEY:—
 Then fresh-gather'd strawb'ries, so round and so sweet,—
 With just half a dozen at top fit to eat.—
 " Ah! madam, you need not examine them, bless your two
 good-looking eyes; they are full to the bottom, paper and
 all!"—
 " Well, I'll trust you, I dare say you won't cheat me."
 So I coaxes her up, and herself makes her cheat:
 Ah! fait, let alone PADDY O'BLARNEY.

Next I turn'd to a Chairman, and got a good job!
 (Ah! the world for the lakes of Killarney!)
 I harangu'd at a famous election the mob;
 Och! let alone PADDY O'BLARNEY.
 Then to see how his Honour and I did cajole:
 He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine with my pole.
 Then you know when they came to chair him, I was no longer,
 you see, an odd man—there was a pair of chairmen:—
 And sure such a pair was ne'er feen, by my soul,
 As his Honour and PADDY O'BLARNEY.

But his notion of greatness was none of the worst!

(Ah! the world for the lakes of Killarney!)

Having play'd fecond fiddle, I thought I'd play first:

Can't you let alone PADDY O'BLARNEY?

So swearing to plunder, and never to squeak,

I my qualification took out, and turn'd Greek.

Ah! to be sure we did not make a pretty dove-house of our Pharoah-bank! let me see, we pigeoned, ay fait, and plucked them too,—

Four tradesmen and six bankers' clerks in one week:

Will you let alone PADDY O'BLARNEY.

A big man in all circles, so gay and polite,

(Ah! the world for the lakes of Killarney!)

I just found one who learnt grown-up jolmen to write,

Just to finish gay PADDY O'BLARNEY.

I first learnt my name, 'till, so fond of it grown,

I don't say I'd better have let it alone.

But, by my soul and conscience, it had like to have finished me in good earnest; for you see, I just wrote

Another jolman's signature instead of my own—

What a dev'l of a PADDY O'BLARNEY!

But, since fate did not choose for to noose me that day,

(Och! the world for the lakes of Killarney!)

With a Venus of ninety I next ran away:

What a fine dashing PADDY O'BLARNEY!

So marriage turn'd out the best noose of the two:

The old foul's gone to heaven, I'm rich as a Jew.

So that if any jolman has an occasion for a friend, or a lady for a lover; or, in short, if any body should wish to be disencumbered of the uneasiness of a wife, or a daughter, or a purse; or any such kind and civil service that can be performed

By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do;

Let me recommend PADDY O'BLARNEY.

SENT TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

Tune—“*The Lass of Patie's Mill.*”

YES, every flower that blows,
 I pass unheeded by,
 'Till this enchanting Rose,
 Had fix'd my wand'ring eye.
 It scented every breeze,
 That wanton'd o'er the stream,
 Or trembl'd through the trees,
 To meet the morning beam.
 To deck that beauteous maid,
 It's fragrance can't excel,
 From some celestial shade,
 The damask charmer fell.
 And as her balmy sweets
 On Chloe's breast she pours,
 The QUEEN of BEAUTY greets
 The gentle QUEEN of FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL SALLY.

Tune—“*The High-Mettled Racer.*”

SEE the park throng'd with coaches, the nobles all run,
 To view the dear angel, her ruin's begun,
 Princes, dukes, lords, and bankers, are first in her train,
 In raptures they ogle, tho' yet but in vain;
 And see the old lecher, with lust in his eyes,
 Scarcely able to crawl, bidding high for the prize,
 Whilst rakes, bawds, and panders, are hunting her down,
 The beautiful Sally's first known to the town.

Now jealousy rankles in each gallant's breast,
 Lest she by some other should first be possest,

'Tho' all the same victim with ardour pursue,
Yet by rank or by gold one obtains the kind view;
Fond dreams of ambition her virtue assails,
Till her noble deceiver by art soon prevails;
In splendour now rolling in chariot and four,
The beautiful Sally no higher can soar.

But at length the grand rake is cloy'd with his Miss,
No longer dear Sally's the fountain of bliss,
Whole nights this bright angel must pass all alone,
To mourn the frail hour that she ne'er can atone;
Her glaring attendants, her splendour no more,
She now feels such pangs as she ne'er felt before;
No provision she's made, and her purse growing less,
The beautiful Sally's first known to distress.

Perhaps fickle fortune the scene now may shift,
And ere she's quite common may give her a lift,
Her first sad reflections now seeking to drown,
By flying to pleasure's extravagant round;
Balls, plays, masquerades, and all places of sport,
With wild dissipation she's sure to resort,
Till, alas! quite unable her charms to replace,
The beautiful Sally's a wretch at King's-Place.

Awhile here she stays till all feeling is dead,
Grown callous to shame, she'll now drudge for her bread;
Thro' bitter abuses, cold, hungry and dry,
The long tedious winter the streets she must ply;
And if some kind chance throws a crown in her way,
The watchman and justice come in for their prey,
Or else from the round-house to bridewell she's sent,
Where beautiful Sally may starve to repent.

Worn out with disease, she draws fast to her end,
Quite feeble she crawls to the Lock, her last friend,
Where a crowd of pale sisters her fame do record,
Till her birth, life, and keepers, refound thro' each ward;

Unpity'd—forgotten—she there helpless lies,
 Life's spark just expiring—she now scarcely sighs;
 A victim at thirty, she welcomes grim death,
 The beautiful Sally thus yields up her breath.

THE WISE CHOICE.

•
 TWAS not her eyes, though orient mines
 Can't boast a gem so bright that glows,
 Her lips, where the deep ruby shines,
 Her cheeks, that shame the blushing rose ;
 Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien,
 Her bosom, white as Venus' dove,
 That made her my affection's queen,
 But 'twas her MIND, the seat of Love.
 The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
 The rosy cheek, the graceful form,
 In turn for commendation vie,
 And justly the fond lover charm :
 But *transient these*, the charm for life,
 Which reason ne'er shall disapprove ;
 Which true perfection makes a wife,
 Is a PURE MIND, the source of Love.

GENERAL WOLFE's SONG.

HOW stands the glas around ?
 For shame, you take no care, my boys ;
 How stands the glas around ?
 Let mirth and wine abound.—
 The trumpets sound, the colours they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound :—
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate, my boys, on the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, soldiers, why?
 Whose busines 'tis to die.
 What, fighing, fie!
 D-n fear, drink on, be jolly boys!
 'Tis he, you, or I.—
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly!
 'Tis but in vain,—
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain.
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

JACK RATLIN.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
 None like him could hand, reef, or steer;
 No dang'rous toil, but he'd encounter
 With skill, and in contempt of fear.
 In fight a lion,—the battle ended,
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he figh,—and all for love.
 The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack's regard;

He, while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on his pending yard,
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove ;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Amongst the rest brought Jack some tidings ;
 Would it had been his love's fair hand !
 Oh ! Fate ! her death defac'd the letter—
 Instant his pulse forgot to move !
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh!—and dy'd for love.

ENJOY WHILE YOU CAN.

Tune—“ *How imperfect is expression.* ”

WHILST the tedious hour beguiling,
 I with Daphne fondly toy :
 Love in ev'ry feature smiling,
 Glows with unexhausted joy.
 Broken sighs and looks discover,
 What the bosom would explain ;
 Nature thus relieves the lover,
 And assuages ev'ry pain.
 Soft Content and Love united,
 Wake each feeling into bliss ;
 Thus employ'd and thus delighted,
 Heav'n expanding in each kiss ;
 What are, say ! the boasted treasures,
 Pomp or pride of erring man ?
 Rich in Nature's choicest pleasures,
 To *enjoy* is all our plan.

WIT AND GOOD-HUMOUR.

Tune—“ *Derry down.*”

ONE evening GOOD-HUMOUR took WIT as his guest,
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast ;
 Their liquor was Claret, and FRIENDSHIP their host,
 And mirth, song, and sentiment, garnish'd each toast.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their design,
 (For the joy of a Buck lies in love, wit, and wine;)
 Alarm'd, they all heard at the door a loud knock,
 And the watchman, hoarse, bellow'd, ‘ ‘twas past ~~12~~ o'clock !

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
 And up-stairs they dragg'd the impudent hound ;
 When brought to the light, how much they were pleas'd
 To see 'twas the grey glutton TIME, they had seiz'd.

His glass as his lanthorn, his scythe as his pole,
 And his silver lock dangled a-down his smooth skull ;
 My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,
 And bid ye begone, for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

¶ Said the venom'd-tooth fage, on this advice fix,
 ‘ ‘Tho' Nature strikes twelve, Folly still points to six ;
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
 So hid him at once in a hoghead of claret.

‘ ‘This is right, call'd out WIT; while you're yet in your prime,
 There's nothing like claret for killing of Time :
 Huzza ! reply'd LOVE, now no more can he knock,
 Or, impudent, tell us 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Since Time is confin'd to our wine, let us think
 By this maxim we're sure of our time when we drink ;
 With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be prim'd,—
 Now we're certain our drinking is always well-tim'd.

I'M LANDED IN BOTANY-BAY.

Tune—“ Poor Jack!”

DEAR Girl I'm now landed in Botany-Bay,
 Never more to thy arms to return ;
 While here, like a slave, do I labour all day,
 And at night my sad follies do mourn :
 My spirits are drooping, my heart giving place
 To those troubles that o'erwhelm my breast ;
 I fancy I see there is death in thy face,
 And I hear ev'ry word that thou say'st.
 I think of my Polly, and then heave a sigh,
 Drop a tear, and cry, “ Never more !”
 The pain had been less if condemn'd for to die,
 Than banish'd from thee I adore.

These lines are defac'd by the waters that fall ;
 My tears intermingle my ink ;
 Nor could I prevail on my tottering quill,
 I found all my faculties sink.
 When I folded the letter, and came to the seal
 I receiv'd as a present from thee,
 No poet could paint what at heart I then felt,
 Or write down the troubles I see.
 I think of my Polly, &c.

The ship she set sail, left us on this dread spot,
 Where most are to finish their lives :
 Each man, then, bewailing his sad, cruel lot,
 Heav'd a sigh for their sweethearts and wives ;
 As to me, when I heard all their different cries,
 I pray'd to the thund'r'er above
 To send down a ball, on my head to alight,
 And by great compassion, to prove
 That I never more may heave such a sigh,
 Drop a tear, &c.

BACHELOR's-HALL.

TO BACHELOR's-HALL we good fellows invite,
 To partake of the chace that makes up our delight;
 We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
 That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.
 Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace,
 That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chace.

CHORUS.

*Hark away! bark away! all nature looks gay,
 And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.*

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding ne'er hanter did back ;
 Tom Trip rode a bay, full of mettle and bone ;
 And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan ;
 But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day,
 Was the 'Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a grey.

Hark away! &c.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that climbs rocks ;
 And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox ;
 Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferret and search ;
 And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at the lurch ;
 Young Slylooks, that scents the strong breeze from the South ;
 And musical Echowell with his deep mouth.

Hark away! &c.

Our horses thus all of the very blett blood,
 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud ;
 And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'll back,
 That all England throughouf can't provide such a pack :
 Thus having describ'd you, dogs, horses, and crew,
 Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away! &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the hounds sound a call,
 And now you are welcome to BACHELOR's-HALL ;
 'The fav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,
 And Bacchus pours wine from his plentiful hoard ;
 Come on, then, do honour to this jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasure that springs from the chace !
Hark away ! Ec.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

A LL on the pleasant banks of Tweed,
 Young Jockey won my heart ;
 He tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,
 None sung with half such art.
 His skilful tale did soon prevail,
 To make me fondly love him ;
 But now he hies, nor heeds my cries,
 I wish I ne'er had seen him.

When first we met, the bonny swain
 Of nought but love could say :
 Oh give, (he cried) my heart again,
 Which you have stol'n away ;
 Or else incline to give me thine,
 And I'll together join 'em ;
 My faithful heart will never part.—
 Ah ! why did I believe him ?

Then all ye maidens fly the swain,
 His wily stories shun,
 Else you, like me, may soon complain,
 Like me will be undone.
 But peace, my breast, nor break my rest ;
 I'll try quite to forget him ;
 For I may see as good as he,
 And wish I ne'er had seen him.

THE INVITATION.

Tune—“ *In storms when clouds obscure the sky.* ”

WHO' Winter spreads his drear domain,
 And whirlwinds howl o'er ev'ry plain;
 Tho' snows descend in northern storms,
 The thought of Bet my bosom warms;
 Let tempests roll
 From pole to pole,
 And wild tornadoes threat;
 Bless'd with thy love,
 I'll chearly rove,
 And think on thee, my Bet!

Then haste, Eliza, to my cot,
 Where Winter's frowns shall be forgot:
 Thy presence makes each season gay,
 And stern December sweet as May.
 Come then, my dear,
 Disperse thy fear,
 No dangers here beset;
 As swift as thought
 The hours will sport,
 While bless'd with thee, my Bet.

At length, when spring new prints the mead,
 To thee I'll tune my oaten reed;
 Or lead thee to yon silent grove,
 Sweet harbour of content and love!

There blithe and gay,
 I'll bless the day,
 When first my love I met;
 I'll laugh at pain,
 Nor e'er again
 Will part with thee, my Bet.

YO, YEA!

I Sail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
 With a stiff blowing gale and rough sea ;
 Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
 Safe here at an anchor ;—Yo, yea !
 Yo, yea ! yo, yea !

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
 And cry'd, now be constant to me ;
 I told her not to be down-hearted,
 So up went the anchor ;—Yo, yea !

When the wind whistl'd larboard and starboard,
 And the storm came on weather and lee ;
 The hope I with her should be harbour'd,
 Was my cable and anchor ;—Yo, yea !

And now, my boys, would ye believe me ?
 I return'd with no rhino from sea ;
 Mrs. Polly would never receive me,
 So again I heav'd anchor ;—Yo, yea !

DAMON.

[The sentiments borrowed from Shakespeare.]

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
 Ye lowland hamlets moan :
 A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
 And at his feet a stone !
 His shroud, which death's cold damps destroy,
 Of snow-white threads was made :
 All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
 In earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
 Which, pluck'd before their time,
 Bestrew'd the boy ; like him to waste,
 And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
 Could tune the rural lay ?
 Ah, no ! his knell of peace his rung ;
 His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
 The youth who lov'd so well :
 Ah me ! how many a true love shower
 Of kind remembrance fell !

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
 Her grief o'er all was tried ;
 Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
 And o'er her lov'd-one died !

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND !

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

’TWAS at the gates of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
 A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire’s cook,
 As home he steer’d, his carcase that way took ;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam’d Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish’d, in vain, to dine :
 Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow’d :
 And as the solid fat his fingers press’d,
 He lick’d his chaps ; and thus the knight address’d :

AIR.

O rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I were doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft-times decreed
 The theme of English ballad,
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchmen's palate:
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs, and fallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtlefs, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief;
 And thus, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief:

AIR.

Ah, facre dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar, it is the roast beef from Londre;
 Oh! grant to me von little bite.
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,

From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread:
Soon as the well-known prospect he descriy'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR.

Sweet beef, that now causeth my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef &c.

So taking thy fight is,
My joy, that so light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out of my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
While here &c.

Ah, hard-hearted Loui,
Why did did I come to you?
The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:
With lifted hand he blefs'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case:

AIR.

How hard, Oh, Sawney! is thy lot,

Who was so blythe of late;

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny, bonny beef,

When roasted nice and brown;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down!

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,

This ne'er had happ'd to me;

I would the de'il had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But see! my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures, are not known.
Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."
O the roast beef &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first;
Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.
O the roast beef &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant; the moral is clear:
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef &c.

For while, by our commerce and arts, we are able
To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.
O the roast beef &c.

THE BLACK-BIRD.

'TWAS on a bank of daisies sweet,
 A lovely maiden sigh'd;
 The little lambs play'd at her feet,
 While she in sorrow cry'd—
 "Where is my love; where can he stray?"
 When thus a Blackbird sung—
 "Sweet, sweet, sweet! he will not stay;
 The air with music rung.
 "Ah, mock me not, bold bird, (she said;)
 "And why, pray, tarry here?"
 "Dost thou bemoan some youngling fled;
 "Or, hast thou lost thy dear?
 "Dost thou lament his absence?—Say!"
 Again the blackbird sung—
 "Sweet, sweet, sweet! he will not stay;
 The air with music rung.
 "Sing on, (she cry'd) thou charming bird;
 "Those dulcet strains repeat!
 "No music e'er like thine was heard
 "So truly sweet, sweet, sweet!
 "Oh, that my love were here to-day!"
 Once more the blackbird sung—
 "Sweet, sweet, sweet! he comes this way;
 The air with music rung.

THE SAILOR's CONSOLATION.

SPANKING JACK was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
 Tho' winds blew great guns, still he'd whittle and sing;
 Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
 And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.

One night, as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail,
 And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee-shore,
 Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top-ga'nt-sail,
 A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more.

*But grieving's a folly, come let us be jolly;
 If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures abore.*

Whiffing Tom, full of mischief or fun in the middle,
 Thro' life in all weathers at random would jog;
 He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
 And swig with an air his allowance of grog.
 Longside of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
 As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,
 In and out Whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
 That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
 He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free;
 If ever one tar was more true than another
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he.
 One day, with the david to heave the cadge anchor,
 Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
 He overboard tipt, when a shark and a spanker
 Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be down-hearted,
 Because that may-hap we now take our last sup?
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
 And death in fast mooring will bring us all up.
 But 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a brother,
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
 But by battle or storm, or some d—n'd thing or other,
 He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

A COMPANION FOR THE ROSE.

INSERTED IN PAGE 6.

THAT Provence Rose, whose odours charm,
 With fragrant mossy buds beset,
 Too rude a swing of Anna's arm
 Nipp'd off its head, with dew-drops wet.

Thus rudely cropt, the parent Rose
 The buds with balmy tears bedew'd ;
 From its green cup the odour flows,
 And cruel Anna's hand beftrew'd.

Dear, thoughtless maid ! that broken flow'r
 Can ne'er again by art be join'd :
 No more can Friendship's sacred pow'r,
 Chill'd by neglect, delight the mind.

In love, alternate frowns and smiles
 May oft to Hymen's altar lead !
 Yet holy Friendship ne'er beguiles ;
 And truth alone that flame can feed.

Neglected Love may fiercer burn,
 Youth's only fit to own its sway :
 But deep is carv'd on Friendship's urn—
Morn, noon, or night, bright is my ray !

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

COME, all hands ahoy to the anchor,
 From our friends and relations we go ;
 Poll blubbers and cries ; devil thank her,
 She'll soon take another in tow.
 This breeze, like the old one, will kick us
 About on the boisterous main ;

And one day if death should not trick us,
Perhaps we shall come back again.

With a will bo, then pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go :
We're in for't, then d—me, what folly, boys,
For to be down-hearted, yo ho !

Our boatswain takes care of the rigging,
More speciously when he gets drunk,
The bobitays supply him with swigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk !
The studding-sail serves for his hammock,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While enligns and jacks, in a thamimock,
He sold to buy trinkets for Poll.

With a will bo, &c.

Of the purser, this here is the maxim,
Slops, grog, and provision, he facks :
How he'd look if you were but to ax him,
With the captain's clerk, who 'tis goes inacks ?
Oh, he'd find it another gueſſ story —
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
If his majesty's honour and glory,
Were only just told about that.

With a will bo, &c.

Our chaplain's both holy and godly,
And sets us for heav'n agog ;
Yet to my mind he looks rather odly,
When he's swearing and drinking of grog :
When he took on his knees Betty Bowfer,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cry'd I, which 's the way to heav'n now, sir ;
Why, you dog, cry'd the chaplain, her arms.

With a will bo, &c.

The gunner's a devil of a bubber,
 The carpenter can't fish a maff,
 The surgeon's a lazy land lubber,
 'The master can't leer if he's ask'd.
 The lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
 'The mates hardly merit their flip,
 Nor is there a swab but the captain,
 Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.

With a will bo, &c.

Now, fore and aft, having abus'd them,
 Just but for my fancy and gig,
 Could I find any one that ill us'd them,
 D—n me, but I'd tickle his wig.
 Jack never was known for a railer,
 'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke ;
 And the sign of a true-hearted sailor,
 Is to give and to take a good joke.

With a will bo, &c.

THE BANKER OF LOVE.

AT the Court of Olympus, assémbld by Jove,
 "Twas agreed that a Bank should be open'd for Love ;
 And the gods, all delighted, then pass'd a decree,
 That the Son of fair Venus their Banker should be :
 So in pity to mortals, they sent him below,
 To soften distress, and to banish their woe ;

*For he debits and credits the smile and the kiss,
 He's the patron of joy, and the treas'r'er of bliss ;
 Of the firm of our house, Truth and Justice approve,
 And Hymen presides o'er the balance of love.*

Ere commerce had shed on Britannia her smiles,
 Or science and arts had illumin'd her isles,

The fame of our bank half the globe had confess'd,
And its influence warm'd e'en the savage's breast;
Philosophers, prelates, and princes, all own
That happiness flows from our banker alone;

For he debits &c.

At home and abroad, both in peace and in war,
His currency never declines below par:
Whether good news or bad, whether stocks rise or fall,
The bills on our banker ne'er vary at all;
For their holders well know, that he ne'er interferes
With the deep speculations of Bulls or of Bears.

For he debits &c.

He issues his notes from the eyes of the Fair,
And '*I promise to pay*,' is the motto they bear:
His cheques were all form'd by dame Nature's own hand,
To be fill'd up at pleasure, and paid on demand:
Whilst his drafts, duly honour'd, his credit impart;
For the Banker of Love ever draws on the heart:

And he debits &c.

BRITONS STRUCK HOME !

WHEN France grown rebellious gave death to her king,
And hurl'd at Britannia the threat of defiance,
The Genius of Britain was thus heard to sing,
As she smil'd on her navy, and each art and science:
Ye Tars of old England, my sons, now advance,
Proud Gallia shall soon British valour allow;
Your stout wooden castles shall soon humble France,
When Britons strike home, led the way, by EARL HOWE.
Arous'd by the summons, her tars flew to arms,
Each sea-god look'd up on their actions with wonder,
Confusion and terror the foe soon alarms,
For what could avail the effects of their thunder?

Ye tars of old England 'twas yours to advance,
 And soon make each Frenchman your valour allow;
 Your stout wooden castles have humbled proud France,
 For Britons struck home, led the way by EARL HOWE.

From his blood-bestain'd billows old Neptune arose,
 And waved his trident with joy o'er the main;
 Britannia triumphant exults o'er her foes,
 While the god of the ocean takes part in the strain.

Ye tars of old England ! 'twas yours to advance,
 Proud Gallia shall e'er British valour allow;
 Your stout wooden castles have now humbled France,
 For Britons struck home, led the way by EARL HOWE.

Translation of a SONG, entitled,
“ CANTICUM POTATORIUM,”

Written by an Ecclesiastick in Henry the Eighth's reign.

FIRMLY I'm resolv'd to die in a tavern, mellow:
 Place the flagon near my lips, ere you ring my knell, O,
 That my jovial friends may say, when they wish me well, O,
 'The God of Wine his blessing shed on this jolly fellow !'
 The mind's dull lamp is lighted up by brisk and sparkling glasses;
 Steep'd in nectar's lively cup from earth to heaven it passes:
 To me more sweet the tavern-wine that's sent with flesh & fish up,
 Than Burgundy, with water mix'd, at table of a Bishop.
 His peculiar frame and mould every one is cast in,
 I could never write a line with a stomach fasting:
 The merest child might conquer me in that forlorn condition;
 Thirst and hunger I detest, like grave or apparition.
 What the wine is I have drunk, my verse will always tell ye;
 Neither can I write at all with an empty belly:
 The lines which hungry I compose ar'n't worth a barber's bason,
 Whil'st, warm'd by flowing bowls, I soar beyond the flight of Mason.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

I'M jolly Dick the lamplighter,
 They say the Sun's my dad,
 And truly I believe it, sir,
 For I'm a pretty lad ;—
 Father and I the world do light,
 And make it look quite gay :
 The difference is, I light by night,
 And father lights by day.

But father's not the like of I,
 For knowing life and fun—
 For I strange tricks and fancies spy,
 Folks never show the sun :
 Rogues, owls, and bats, can't bear the light,
 I've heard the wise ones say ;
 And so, d'ye mind, I see at night
 Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
 As quite an useleſs task ;
 And many a face, and many a heart,
 Will then pull off the mask :—
 Each formal prude, and holy wight,
 Will throw disguife away,
 And sin it openly at night,
 Who fainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views—
 Misses from friends decamp—
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country, o'er his lamp :
 So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Are just in the same lay ;
 I bare-fac'd finners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

ON THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE, 1794.

Tune—“*To Anacreon in Heav'n.*”

FROM her surge-beaten throne as Britannia esp'y'd
 Old Ocean to offer his homage endeavour,
 She enquir'd the occasion; the Grey-beard reply'd—
 “ Your sons have establish'd your empire for ever.

“ Most humbly I bow

“ To you and your *Howe*:

“ Long flourish the laurels which twine round his brow!”
 ‘Then folding about him his mantle of green,
 He bending acknowledg'd *Britannia* his *Queen*.

He presents then a scroll to the Queen of the Waves,
 Who views it with looks of concern and attention;
 And distinctly is hear'd, *Paisley*, *Bowyer*, and *Graves*,
Hutt, *Montagu*, *Berkeley*, and *Douglas*, to mention;

She anxious proceeds,

And sighs as she reads,

“ Till, cheer'd when the finds so distinguish'd their deeds,
 “ I'll boast of these heroes as oft, (she exclaim'd)
 “ As Britain and *Howe* shall together be nam'd.”

The bold Tars of Old England, she frankly avow'd,
 Had often her heart with their triumphs delighted;
 But e'en *Rodney*'s great day had not made her more proud
 Than *Howe*'s, in which valour and wisdom united:

“ My children, (she cried)

“ Who fought by his side,

“ Who gloriously bled for their country, or died,

“ I now will reward with immortal renown,

“ And laurels unfading the heroes shall crown.”

Says old Ocean, “ O'er me may your rule never end!

“ Enough by the winds are disturb'd my dominions,

“ Let them not with the French and their politics blend,

“ And drive me to rage with their stormy opinions,

" Left, scorning the shore,
 " Nor bound any more,
 " My waves on the nations their fury should pour.
 " But o'er my wide bosom *Britannia* must reign,
 " Whilst she and whilst Nature their laws shall retain."

THE BEAUTEOUS LOUISA.

Tune—*The High-Mettled Racer.*

SEE the park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's begun,
 And right-honour'd knaves talk of conquests they've won;
 But view yon pale damsel, and mark her sad air,
 'Tis the beauteous Louisa, once virtuous as fair,
 Nor spurn her, ye virgins, who shone like a sun,
 Ere the beauteous Louisa by man was undone.

A titled despoiler this peerless maid found,
 And with specious pretences her innocence drown'd;
 But having grown weary and cloy'd of her charms,
 The titled seducer expell'd her his arms:
 E'en the conquest hard won he insults with his breath,
 Tho' the beauteous Louisa is pining to death.

Tho' numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,
 The penitent victim against them has strove;
 Betray'd and abus'd by him she ador'd,
 She now only wishes her honour restor'd:
 But, alas! hapless fair one, thy wishes are vain!
 And the heart-broke Louisa is left to complain.

But chance, when the spoiler shall hear she's no more,
 The fate of Louisa e'en he may deplore;
 The breast that could spurn her may then heave a sigh,
 And wish the fair blossom still on it might lie;
 But, ah! then how fruitless his love-proffer'd terms,
 When the beauteous Louisa's a prey to the worms!

SUNG IN THE DUEENNA.

Tune—*‘De’il take the waws.’*

WHEN sable Night, each drooping plant restoring,
 Wept o’er the flowers her breath did cheer,
 As some sad widow, o’er her babe deploring,
 Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow
 One hour from love and care to rest—
 Lo! as I press’d my couch in silent sorrow,
 My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow’d he came to save me
 From those who would enslave me;
 Then kneeling,
 Kisses stealing,
 Endless faith he swore!
 But soon I chid him thence,
 For had his fond pretence
 Obtain’d one favour then—
 And he had press’d again—

I fear’d my treach’rous heart might grant him more.

THE SHEPHERD’s WIFE’s SONG.

[Written in the beginning of last Century.]

AH, what is LOVE?—It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a Shepherd as a King,
 And sweeter too;
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
 Ah, then—ah, then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight,

And merrier too:

For kings bethink them what the state require,
While shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:

Ah, then—ah, then,

If country loves &c.

He kisseth first, then fits as blythe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat,

And blyther too;

For kings have often fears when they do sup,
While shepherds dread no poison in the cup:

Ah, then—ah, then,

If country loves &c.

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen,

More wanton too:

For kings have many griefs their souls to move,
While shepherds have no greater grief than love:

Ah, then—ah then,

If country loves &c.

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down,

And founder too;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
While weary shepherds lie and sleep their fill:

Ah, then—ah then,

If country loves &c.

Thus, with his wife, he spends the year as blythe
As doth the king at ev'ry tyde or syth,

And blyther too;

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
While shepherds laugh and love upon the land:

Ah, then—ah, then,

If country loves &c.

SAINT MONDAY.

’TWAS Monday morn, the smiling day
 Came dancing from the east,
 When Crispin, full of mirth and play,
 Set out with joy confess :
 His awl and last were laid aside,
 To fuddle he set out ;
 On Monday it was Crispin’s pride
 To push the quart about.

In vain it was that flippant Nell
 Her tongue did loudly rap,
 For that her noise he soon might quell,
 He show’d his *lissom strap* ;
 She knew the sign, had felt its smart,
 So made no further rout ;
 But let him go with all her heart
 To push the quart about.

With jolly crafts he pass’d the day,
 And ply’d the skittle bowl ;
 All work won’t do without some play,
 St. Monday cheers the soul :
 From morn to night he drank and play’d,
 And sung with jovial heart—
 “ Come, brother Crispin, (oft he said)
 “ Let’s push about the quart.”

The fun departed to the west,
 And starry night came on,
 When fill’d with porter of the best,
 ’Twas time now to be gone ;
 He stagger’d home, and went to bed,
 No trouble in his heart ;
 Yet in his dreams, this fill’d his head,
 “ Let’s push about the quart.”

OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT-Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn:
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry!
Arise the burden of their song,
This day a stag must die!

With a bey bo, chirvey!
Hark forward, tantivy!
With a bey bo, chirvey!
Hark forward, tantivy!
Arise the burden of the song,
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round;
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale.
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes, they fly:
The game is rous'd, too-true the song,
This day a stag must die.

With a bey bo, &c.

Poor stag the dog thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace:
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.

With a bey bo, &c.

A FAMILY PARTY SONG.

Tune—“*Precious Goblet.*”

HAIL the festive, joyous hour!
Welcome ev’ry social pow’r!
Smooth, old Time, thy furrow’d brow,
Far hence be care and sorrow now:

*Love and friendship crown the day,
Ev’ry heart shall own their sway.*

Mem’ry, bring thy choicest flores;
Fancy, strew thy brightest flow’rs;
Hymen, god of chaste desires,
Now trim thy lamp, and fan thy fires:

Love and friendship &c.

Tell of childhood’s playful years,
Free from cares, and free from fears;
Tell of youthful sports and wiles,
And tender sighs, and wanton smiles:

Love and friendship &c.

Sing the parents’ op’ning joys,
Infant trains of girls and boys,
Rising virtues, growing charms,
While love each kindred bosom warms:

Love and friendship &c.

Sing the precious fruit matur’d,
Firm affection, faith assur’d;
Mutual kindness, mutual aid,
Each debt of love by love repaid:

Love and friendship &c.

Band of happy brothers, hail!
Joys like these can never fail;
Mirth with all her frolic train,
Shall echo back our joyful strain:

Love and friendship &c.

JOHNNY AND JENNY.

TWAS within a mile of Edinborough town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grafs was down,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear ;
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
 Kifs'd sweet Jenny, making hay :

The laffie blush'd, and frowning cried, " No, no, it wonna do,
 " I canna, canna, wonna, wonna, munna, buckle to."

Jockey was a wag that néver would wed,
 'Though long he had follow'd the lafs ;
 Contented she earn'd and eat her own bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs.
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily ;

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, " No, no, it wopna do,
 " I canna, canna, wonna, wonna, munna, buckle too."

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Though his flocks and his herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kifs beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true ;
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily ;

At church she no more frowning cried, " No, no, it wonna do,
 " I canna, canna, wonna, wonna, munna, buckle to."

JOHNNY AND ANNA.

DOWN the bourne and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd with the wind,
 Johnny litting tun'd his reed,
 And fought his Anna, fair and kind:

Dear she lov'd the well-known song,
 While her Johnny,
 Blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.
 Down the bourne, &c.

Of costly claihths she had bit few;
 Of rings and jewels nae great flore;
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely wish'd nae more.
 Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize;
 O'er the mountain,
 By the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
 Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give nae health,
 Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
 Youthful Anna's greatest wealth
 Was her faithful Johnny's heart:
 Sweet the joys the lovers find,
 Great the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.
 Down the bourne, &c.

THE SAILOR's JOURNAL.

TWAS post meridian, half past four,
 By signal, I from Nancy parted,
 At six she linger'd on the shore,
 With uplift hands, and broken-hearted;
 At seven, while tautning the fore-stay,
 I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy,
 At eight we all got under weigh,
 And bid a long adieu to Nancy,

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
 While careless sailors, ever cheerly,
 On the mid-watch, so jovial fung,
 With tempers labour cannot weary ;
 I little to their mirth inclin'd,
 While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
 Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night
 When every true-bred Tar carouses,
 When o'er the grog all hands delight
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses ;
 Round went the can, the jeft, the glee,
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy,
 And when in turn it came to me,
 I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four ;
 At six, the elements in motion,
 Plung'd me and three poor sailors more,
 Headlong within the foaming ocean ;
 Poor wretches soon they found their graves,
 For me it may be only fancy,
 But Love seem'd to forbid the waves
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
 Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
 When a bold enemy appear'd,
 And dauntless we prepar'd for battle ;
 And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
 Like lightning rush'd on every fancy,
 To Providence I trusted life, put up a prayer,
 Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, ('twas in the month of May)
 The crew, it being lovely weather,

At three, A. M. discover'd day,
 And England's chalky cliffs together.
 At seven, up channel how we bore,
 While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy ;
 At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

BRAVE HAL.

Tune—“ *Tom Bowling.* ”

HERE, full of scars, lies brave Hal Brazen,
 For whom the corps has griev'd;

He'll ne'er stand sentry, for this reason,
 By death he's now reliev'd :

A handsome hero he was counted,
 And brave with all, 'tis said :

The guard by him's no longer mounted,
 He rests in honour's bed.

Hal never from his corps deserted,
 He'd face a bowl or sword ;

His regiment he oft diverted,
 And Poll, his wife, ador'd :

How oft did he against the foe march,
 Pursuing all that fled ;

Farewell his quick step and his slow march,
 He halts in honour's bed.

Yet Hal above shall be promoted,
 When his Commander great,

To advance the brave, the good, the noted,
 Will give his orders strait :

To handle arms when word is given,
 And trumpets call the dead,

Hal, to be billeted in heaven,
 Shall wake from honour's bed.

WINIFREDA.

A WAY, let nought to Love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move thy fear,
 Let nought delay the heav'nly bleffing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care,
 What tho' no grants of royal donors,
 With pompous titles grace our blood,
 We'll thine in more substantial honours,
 And to be noble, we'll be good.
 What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty,
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.
 Still shall each kind, returning season,
 Sufficient for our wishes give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.
 Our name, whilft virtue thus we tender,
 Shall sweetly found where-e'er 'tis spoke,
 And all the great ones much shall wonder,
 How they admire such little folk.
 Thro' youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread,
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.
 How should I love the pretty creatures,
 Whilft round my knees they fondly clung,
 To see 'em look their mother's features,
 To hear 'em lispe their mother's tongue!
 And when with envy time transported
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I go wooing in my boys.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so finart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 She lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land
 That's half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 She lives in our alley :

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 And thro' the streets does cry 'em ;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em ;
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally ;
 She is the darling &c.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely ;
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the darling &c.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday ;
 For then I'm dreft all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
 She is the darling &c.

My master carries me to church,
 And often I am blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named.

I leave the church in summer time,
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
 She is the darling &c.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money,
 I'll hoard it up with box and all,
 And give it to my honey ;
 Would it were twice ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally ;
 She is the darling &c.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley ;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 I then will marry Sally ;
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

AIR, IN ROSINA.

HER mouth with a smile,
 Devoid of all guile,
 Half open to view,
 Is the bud of the rose
 In the morning that blows,
 Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
 Than the flow'r-scented heath,
 At the dawning of day ;
 The hawthorn in bloom,
 The lily's perfume,
 Or the blossoms in May.

TACK AND HALF TACK.

THE Yarmouth Roads are right ahead,
 The crew with ardour burning,
 Jack sings out, as he heaves the lead,
 On tack and half tack turning,

“ By the dip—ELEVEN ! ”

Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils,
 Then round his head 'tis swinging,
 And thus to make the land he toils,
 In numbers quaintly singing,
 “ By the mark—SEVEN ! ”

And now, left we run bump ashore,
 He heaves the lead, and sings once more,
 “ Quarter less—FOUR ! ”

About ship, lads! tumble up there; can't you see?
 Stand by, well, hark, hark; the helm's alee!
 Here she comes; up tacks and sheets; haul mainsail, haul;
 Haul of all :

And as the long-lost shore they view,
 Exulting shout the happy crew;
 Each singing, as the sails he furls,
 “ Hey for the fiddles and the girls.”

The next tack we run out to sea,
 Old England scarce appearing;
 Again we tack, and Jack with glee
 Sings out as land we're nearing,
 “ By the dip—ELEVEN ! ”

And as they name some beauty dear,
 'To tars of bliss the summit,
 Jack joins the jest, the jibe, the jeer,
 And heaves the pond'rous plummet;
 “ By the mark—SEVEN ! ”

And now, while dang'rous breakers roar,
 Jack cries, leſt we run bump ashore,
 " Quarter leſs—FOUR !"

About ship, lads, &c.

Thus tars at sea, like fwabs at home,
 By tack and tack are bialſ'd;
 The furtheſt way about we ream,
 To bring us home the nighſt :
 " By the dip—ELEVEN !"
 For one tack more, and 'fore the wind,
 Shall we, in a few glaſſes,
 Now make the land, both true and kind,
 To find our friend and laſſes :
 " By the mark—" SEVEN !"
 Then heave the lead, my lad once more,
 Soon shall we gaily tread the shore,
 " And a half—FOUR !"

About ship lads, &c.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And, ſcudding under eafy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd :
 To heave the lead the ſeaman ſprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly fung,
 " By the deep—NINE."

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view ;
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true ;

While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung
" By the mark—SEVEN."

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof,
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof!
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
" Quarter less—FIVE!"

CÆSAR's LAST SUMMONS,

Paraphrased from Mrs. Thrale's Three Warnings.

TUNE—"TO ANACREON IN HEAV'N."

THE Tree which for ages has weather'd the blast,
To the earth fondly cleaves as if never to move,
So man to this world is attach'd to the last,
And when life grows a burthen the load still we love;
Nor sicknes, nor age, can this passion assuage,
Nay, allke it prevails o'er the savage and fage,
Tho' we know the whole world must in time wafte away,
And that death is a debt which all mortals must pay.

At a gorgeous high feast, where the world's mighty lord,
Great Cæsar, presidèd in bridegroom's array;
Hymen's torch fulgent blazing, while gracing the board,
Beauty, thron'd at his fide, sat out-lust'ring the day;
With horror and wonder, a voice loud as thunder,
When Jove with his bolts rends the welkin asunder,
Was heard to exclaim, ' Cæsar ! now come away,
For the debt I demand which all mortals must pay.'

Wide ope flew the portals, to heighten their dread,
 And the grim King of Terrors before them appear'd !
 At his beck mighty Cæsar from love and joy fled,
 To confront all alone the fell foe he most fear'd !
 When poising his dart with fix'd aim at his heart,
 He cried, You from empire and love must now part,
 For your glaſs is near run, see the ſand ebbs away,
 And thy debt is now due which all mortals must pay.

Unprepar'd and unwarn'd, to the earth bowing down,
 Cæſar ſued for a reprieve, nor ſued he in vain :
 Death granted the boon, and his life, queen, and crown,
 'To the monarch and bridegroom reſtor'd back again :
 Nay, more, ſays the ſpectre, whate'er you conjecture,
 To prove of your good I'm no careleſs negleſter,
 Three warnings I'll give ere I next come this way,
 To claim the due debt which all mortals must pay.

Now Cæſar, elated with pride, pomp, and pow'r,
 Plung'd headlong in guilt, and to vice gave the ſway ;
 And the records of shame mark'd the flight of each hour,
 'Till life's feeble props were all crumbling away :
 When one night, loft in wine, he at Venus's ſhrine,
 Play'd the dotard and driv'ler at feſtivity-nine,
 Death drew back the curtain and cried, Come away,
 For the debt I now claim which all mortals must pay.

Appall'd, from his pillow he rear'd up aghast !
 Crying " Where are those warnings you promis'd to give ?
 For three previous alarms your patrole has been paſſ'd,
 And if Death keeps his word, by that word I must live : "
 Says the ſage, ' Had you walk'd in the path that is chalk'd,
 For fair virtue to glide in, you ne'er had thus talk'd,
 Nor torture with guilt, would have fought to delay,
 Or evade the due debt which all mortals must pay.'

" To walk ! (says the ſhuffler) that's paſt all my pow'r,
 As the gods all can witness how long I've been lame : "

Quoth Death, " Then discernment is ev'ry man's dow'r,
 And who sees right from wrong, must for wrong bear the blame : "
 Cries the crone, " That may be, with those folks who can see,
 But the blessing of sight has for years fled from me,
 Besides I'm so deaf too, that all you can say,
 Can ne'er prove the debt which you want me to pay."
 " If deaf, blind, and lame, (cries the spectre) be dumb,
 Those warnings, confess'd, thou to dust art consign'd."
 Death struck, Cæsar fell, and for ages to come,
 May his fate leave this lesson imprest'd on the mind !
 That whate'er be our part, with an untainted heart,
 We may glide thro' the scene till death levels his dart ;
 Then, with conscience serene, we may all face the day,
 When the debt becomes due which all mortals must pay.

LOVE's ADMONITION.

WHILE on earth's soft lap descending
 Lightly falls the feather'd snow,
 Nature awfully attending,
 Each rude wind forbids to blow.
 White and pure awhile appearing,
 Earth her virgin mantle wears ;
 Soon the fickle season veering,
 Her deluded bosom bares.

MIRA, thus while health and pleasure
 Our exulting hearts possess,
 Oh ! how great the lover's treasure !
 Oh ! how fair is nature's dress !
 But the fading landscape dying,
 May give place to scenes of woe ;
 Joys, alas ! are ever flying ;
 Nought is certain here below.

THE VINE-COVER'D HILLS.

O 'ER the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France,
 See the Day-Star of LIBERTY rise;
 Through the clouds of detraction unwearied advance,
 And hold its gay course through the skies!
 An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
 All Europe with wonder surveys,
 And from deserts of darkness, and dungeons of night,
 Contends for a share of the blaze.

Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendour retire,
 A splendour too strong for his eyes:
 Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,
 Intrapt in his cobwebs like flies.
 Shall phrenzy and sophistry hope to prevail,
 When Reason opposes its weight,
 When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
 And the balance yet trembles with fate?

Ah! who 'midst the horrors of night would abide,
 That can taste the pure breezes of morn?
 Or who that has drank of the crystalline tide,
 To the succulent flood would return?
 When the bosom of Beauty the throbbing heart meets,
 Ah! who can its transports decline?
 Then who that has tafted of Liberty's sweets,
 The prize but with life would resign?

But 'tis over! High Heav'n the decision approves!
 Oppression has struggled in vain!
 To the Hell she has form'd Superstition removes,
 And Tyranny gnaws his own chain.
 To the record of Time a new Æra unfolds—
 All Nature exults in its birth:
 The CREATOR benign his Creation beholds,
 And gives a new Charter to Earth.

O catch its high import, ye winds! as ye blow,
 O bear it, ye waves! as ye roll,
 From regions that feel the Sun's vertical glow,
 To the farthest extremes of the Pole.
 Equal *Laws*, equal *Rights*, to the Nations around,
Peace and *Friendship* their precepts impart;
 And wherever the footleps of *Man* shall be found,
 May he bind the *Decree* on his heart!

POLYHYMNIA AND CUPID;
 OR, THE EFFORTS OF LOVE AND MUSICK.

THE morning op'd smiling, all nature was gay,
 And Flora had chequer'd the grove;
 The thrush and the linnet were heard on the spray,
 Attuning their voices to Love.

Young Damon, well pleas'd, in a woodbine retreat,
 To Phillis unbosom'd his mind;
 But his passion in vain did the shepherd repeat,
 With coolness his suit she declin'd.

In murmurs soft Musick now glides thro' the air,
 To Harmony wakens the vale;
 The nymphs caught the sound, when her raptures declare
 Full hopes of success to his tale.

Exulting, thus Damon his wishes express'd—
 “ Those notes breathing Love's gentle fire,
 “ Speak joy to Alexis, with Sylvia blest'd,
 “ And Love all their virtues inspire :
 “ O cease then, my dearest, to treat with disdain
 “ An heart sway'd by virtue and love,
 “ But haste to yon fane at the top of the plain,
 “ And Hymen's mild influence prove.”

Thus **MUSICK** and **LOVE** were too much for the fair,
 In vain she her wishes would hide ;
 Her blushes the state of her bosom declare,
 And Damon could not be deny'd.

THE TRUE-HEARTED FELLOW.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
 I'll drink to my neighbour and friend,
 My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,
 For life, I know, shortly must end.
 While Ceres most kindly refills this brown jug,
 With good ale I will make myself mellow ;
 In my old wicker chair I'll seat myself snug,
 Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.
 I'll not trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
 I've enough of my own for to mind ;
 There is nought in this life but grief and vexation,
 To death we shall all be consign'd.
 I'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave nothing to pay,
 Then drop like a pear that his mellow ;
 And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,
 He's gone ! what a hearty good fellow !

GAY BACCHUS.

GAY Bacchus one evening invited his friends
 To partake of a generous flask,
 To each social being a message he sends,
 To meet at the head of his cask ;
 The guests all appear'd at his place of address,
 The witty, the grave, and the bold ;
 Our circle surpass'd all that fancy can guess
 Of Arthur's round table of old.

In the midst of our merriment, who do you think,
 Unsuspected had seated him there,
 But one Care, in disguise—who tipp'd us the wink,
 And warn'd us of Time to beware !
 Who, in spite of his age, or the weight of his years,
 We should find but a slippery blade ;—
 Is known by the lock on his forehead he wears,
 And carries the signs of his trade.

We gratefully ply'd him with bottle and pot,
 Which fill'd up his wrinkles apace ;
 The cynic grew blythe, and his precepts forgot,
 And soon fell asleep in his place.
 Regardless of time, then, we threw off restraint,
 Nor fear'd we to wake the old spark ;
 Our songs were select, and our stories were quaint,
 And each was as gay as a lark.

When all on a sudden, so awful and till,
 One appeared who spoil'd a good song ;
 Father Time, moving round by the side of the wall,
 Behind us—slow stealing along :
 We rose to his rev'rence, and offer'd a chair ;
 He said for no man he would stay ;
 Then Bacchus up-started, and catch'd at his hair,
 And swore all the score he should pay.

But Time, well aware of the God of the grape,
 Evaded his efforts, and flew ;
 We seiz'd on his glafs, ere he made his escape,
 And instantly broke it in two :
 Then we fill'd each with wine, instead of his sand,
 And drank double toasts to the fair ;
 Each member in turn, with a glafs in each hand,
 Then parted, and went home—with Care.

BRITANNIA's LAMENTATION.

IN a sad mould'ring cave, where the wretched retreat,
 BRITANNIA sat wasted with care ;
 She mourn'd for her WOLFE, and exclaim'd against fate,
 And gave herself up to despair.

The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around
 With the feats of her favourite son ;
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
 Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The Sire of the Gods, from his crystalline throne,
 Beheld the disconsolate dame,
 And mov'd with her tears, he sent Mercury down,
 And these were the tidings that came :
 BRITANNIA, forbear ! not a sigh, not a tear,
 For thy WOLFE so deservedly lov'd ;
 Your tears shall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
 For thy WOLFE is not dead, but remov'd.

The Sons of the East, the proud Giants of old,
 Have crept from their darksome abodes ;
 And this is the news, as in heaven we are told,
 They were marching to war with the gods.
 A Council was held in the chamber of Jove,
 And this was the final decree—
 That WOLFE should be call'd to the armies above,
 And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of *Quebeck*, with the orders I flew,
 Where WOLFE with his army then lay ;
 He cry'd, O, forbear ! let me Victory view,
 And then thy commands I'll obey.
 With a darkening film I encompas'd his eyes,
 And bore him away in an urn,
 Lest the fondness he bore for his own native shore,
 Should tempt him again to return.

AIR, IN THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

COME, sing round my favourite tree,
 Ye songsters that visit the grove;
 'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me;
 And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my side,
 He tenderly pleaded his cause;
 I only with blushes reply'd,
 And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

Da Capo.—Come, sing round, &c.

SUNG IN ROSINA.

WHEN William at eve meets me down at the stile,
 How sweet is the nightingale's song;
 I confess, without blushing, I hear him complain,
 And believe ev'ry word of his song:
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
 While the moon plays yon branches among.

How fain do I wish to chace sun-shine away—
 Ye moments, how slowly ye move!
 Give place, envious day-light, hafte Ev'ning along,
 I'm to meet the sweet lad that I love:
 O! joy, past expressing, to hear the dear swain,
 While the moon plays yon branches among.

From the stile as we walk to yon neighbouring grove,
 The swain his soft passion he preft;
 He faid, my dear charmer, to church let's repair,
 Your hand it will e'er make me bleſt;
 How could I refuse the dear swain his soft boon,
 While the moon plays yon branches among.

SUNG IN ARTAXERXES.

IN infancy our hopes and fears,
Were to each other known ;
And friendship, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one ;
O ! clear him, then, from this offence ;—
Thy love, thy duty, prove ;
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

THE ADIEU !

THE topsail fills, the waving bark unmoors,
Adieu ! dear isle ! I fly thy charming shores,
Where oft, alas ! attention fondly strove,
In Delia's heart, to trace her Henry's love.
Go, gentle gale, ah ! waft my parting sighs,
Fraught with the anguish of a heart that dies !
Breathe all the sorrows of a sad adieu,
Then swiftly speed me from the Syren's view.
And thou, sweet soother, whose responsive strain
Returns each sigh, and echoes every pain,
O ! bear these poignant pangs of wild despair,
And softly sigh them to the cruel fair.

THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

THE day was departed, and forth from a cloud
The moon in her beauty appears ;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The musick of love in our ears :

Maria appears—now the season, so sweet,
 With the beat of the heart is in tune;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel,
 I sigh—can a lover do more!
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er:
 Maria, my love, do you long for the grove?
 Do you sigh for an interview soon?—
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
 Alone by the light of the moon.

Her name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow;
 Her voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow!
 Ye Powers of the Sky, will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine
 Alone by the light of the moon!

THE DAUNTLESS SAILOR.

Tune—“*The top-sails shiver in the wind.*”

THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
 Each softer joy and ease,
 To distant climes he loves to roam,
 Nor dreads the boist'rous seas:
 His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,
 Scorns from the foe to run;
 In battle terror melts away
 As snow before the sun.

Though all the nations of the world
 Britannia's flag would lower,
 Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
 And dare their haughty power:
 But, see, Bellona sheathes her sword,
 Hush'd is the angry main;
 The cannon's roar no more is heard,
 Sweet peace resumes her reign.

He hastens unto his native shore,
 Where dwells sweet joy and rest;
 His lovely Susan's smiles implore,
 To crown and make him blest:
 Now all the toil and dangers past,
 And Susan's love remains,
 The honest tar is blest at last,
 Her smiles reward his pain.

LOVELY CELIA.

STAY, silver moon, nor hasten down the skies,
 I seek the bower where lovely Celia lies.
 No midnight felon asks thy trembling ray
 To light his footsteps to the desp'rate prey;
 No murd'rer lurking for his hated foe,
 Asks thy pale light to guide the vengeful blow.

*Stay, silver moon, nor hasten down the skies,
 I seek the bower where lovely Celia lies.*

The breast with love possest no furies move,
 No violence arms the gentle hand of love:
 I meditate no theft;—the willing fair
 Shall yield her beauties to my well-fraught pray'r.

*Stay, silver moon, nor hasten down the skies,
 I seek the bower where lovely Celia lies.*

THE DESPONDING SWAIN.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
G How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love!
 There, phoenix like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die;
 Involv'd in &c.
 Know, hapleſs flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there,
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
 With envy and despair;
 One common fate we both muſt prove;
 You die with envy, I with love.
 You die &c.

THE TRAVELLER.

Tune—“ *Poor Jack.*”

A Traveller full forty years I have been,
 But never went over to France;
 All cities, and moſt market-towns have been in,
 “ Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;
 My own native country with pleasure I range
 All seasons and times of the year,
 In fashion ſtill find a continual change,
 Something novel will always appear:
 The world, tho' 'tis round, as about it we go,
 Strange ways, turns, and croſſes, we fee,
 But the favourite road which I wiſh to purſue,
 Is—through life to go eaſy and free.
 The Traveller, braving a bleak wintry day,
 To what place he ſoe'er may reſort,

When reaching his Inn, is as cheerful and gay,
 As the sailor that gets into port :
 Well seated and serv'd, his refreshment how sweet,
 What comfort it gives to the heart,
 And where a few friends unexpectedly meet,
 How fond each his tale to impart :
 But know this idea, which none can detest,
 Has long been implanted in me,
 That whatever maxims are follow'd, the best
 Is—through life to go easy and free.

If fraught with good-humour, I care not how much
 In sentiment people divide,
 In opinion for differing my temper is such,
 I scorn any soul to deride.
 Though the dictates of reason flow pointed and strong,
 Such prejudice hangs on the mind,
 From debates, howe'er pertinent, nervous, or long,
 You seldom a convert will find ;
 Then shew me the man wheresoever I go,
 That always will socially be,
 If we can't think alike, still the beauty of all
 Is—through life to go easy and free.

As sons of the whip must to business attend,
 I always make much of the day,
 At night with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,
 The moments glide smoothly away :
 All travellers truly it must be confess
 Good orders are glad to receive,
 Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,
 For madnes I deem it to grieve :
 Then my worthies the toast, which to give I'm inclin'd,
 I hope with all minds will agree,
 Wishing every free-hearted friend to mankind
 Through life may go easy and free.

NATURE.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain ;
 They forsake their leafy dwelling
 To secure the golden grain.

Let Content, the humble gleaner,
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall ;
 Nature all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous cares for all.

EDWIN AND ELLA.

SEE, beneath yon bow'r of roses,
 Sweetly sleeps the heav'nly maid,
 'Tis my gentle love repose,
 Softly tread the sacred shade.

Mark the loves that play around her,
 Mark my Ella's graceful mien ;
 See the wood-nymphs all surround her,
 Hailing Ella, beauty's queen.

Flutt'ring cupids round descending,
 Soft expand their silken wings ;
 From the zephyr's breath descending
 Every sweet that round her springs.

Sportive Fancy ! hear my prayer,
 Gently from thy airy throne,
 Whisper to the sleeping fair,
 Edwin lives for her alone.

A NEW SONG BY MR. PALMER.

Tune—“*Wine the human soul inspires.*”

NOW let wit and mirth abound,
And the can and glass go round;
Here nought but harmony you'll find—
No discord to disturb the mind.

CHORUS. { *Then let your Motto always be,*
“ EVER EASY, EVER FREE.”}

Here, my friends, sit at your ease,
Without constraint drink what you please;
We've no compulsory reck'ning here,
Drink ale, or wine, or good strong beer.

Then let your Motto &c.

You, my friends, who drink mild ale,
May freely here yourselves regale;
Join in duet and merry glee,
Or sing a song of harmony.

Then let your Motto &c.

You, my friends, who drink strong beer,
Copious draughts your hearts will cheer;
While Ceres kindly fills the cann,
Make use of time—life's but a span.

Then let your Motto &c.

You, ye vot'ries of the vine,
Inspir'd by Bacchus, god of wine,
Let no dull cares your mirth annoy,
This night in harmony employ.

Then let your Motto &c.

“ *Tempus fugit,*” scholars say,
Then let's enjoy it whilst we may;
For when his glass and scythe appear,
‘Tis plain our time is but short here.

CHORUS. { *When gone from hence, may Jove decree,*
“ BE EVER EASY, EVER FREE.”}

THE SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the skies,
To Daphne's window speed away:

And there on quiv'ring pinions rise—

And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,

And if she praise thy matin song,

Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,

To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,

The bird from Indian groves may shine;

But ask the lovely partial maid,

What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon wileſs beau,

And all his flaunting race, with scorn,

And lend an ear to Damon's woe,

Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

BRIGHT PHÆBUS.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,

And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman away;
And the horns &c.

Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they bound,

While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

*Hark, away! is the word to the sound of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.*

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,

While puffs flies to covert, and dogs quick pursue;

Behold where she flies o'er the wide-spreading plain,

While the loud op'ning pack pursue her aimain.

Hark, away! &c.

At length puss is caught and lies panting for breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman's a signal for death:
 No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
 To hunting—all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

Hark, away! &c.

TRUE BLUE.

ONE evening at ambrosial treat,
 On high *Olympus'* tower,
 MINERVA the Nine Muses met
 In her æthereial bower:
 Gay BACCHUS and APOLLO join;
 For hand in hand go Wit and Wine.

CHORUS. *Fal lal lal de, &c.*

PALLAS the swimming Dame begun,
 Her hair a ribband bound;
 Blue like her eyes the bandage shone -
 Her sapient temples round,
 Which, loosen'd in the dance, fell down,
 And BACCHUS seiz'd the azure zone.

Fal lal lal de, &c.

This ribband on his breast he plac'd,
 By *Styx* then swore the youth,
 What had the seat of Wisdom grac'd,
 Should grace the seat of Truth:
 Then ope at once his robe he threw,
 And on his bosom beam'd—TRUE BLUE.

Fal lal lal de, &c.

If mortals can give Ribbons fame,
 And Orders make on earth,
 Sure Deities may do the same,
 And give one Order birth—

This Ribband, LOV'D CELESTIALS, view,
And stamp your sanction on TRUE BLUE.

Fal lal lal de, &c.

URANIA prais'd the rosy god:

Her tuneful sisters join:—

MINERVA gave th' assenting nod;

PHOEBUS enroll'd the sign.

Along the skies loud *Io*'s flew,

And all *Olympus* hail'd TRUE BLUE.

Fal lal lal de, &c.

This ribband IRIS bore to earth;

The gods enjoin'd the fair,

Where'er she found True Sons of Worth,

To leave the ribband there:

From clime to clime she searching flew—

Then in *Britannia* left TRUE BLUE.

Fal lal lal de, &c.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

YE chiefs of the ocean your laurels throw by,

And the cypress entwine with a wreath,

To shew your humanity heave a soft sigh,

And the tear now let fall for his death:

Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,

For COOK, ever honour'd, immortal shall live.

The hero of MACEDON ran o'er the world,

Yet nothing but death could he give;

Till GEORGE gave the word, and the sails were unsurl'd,

And COOK taught mankind how to live.

He came, and he saw—not to conquer but save,

For the Cæsar of Britain was he;

He scorg'd the ambition of making a slave,

Since Britons themselves are so free.

SOMEBODY.

WERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,
 And had not where to lay my head,
 I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,
 And steal a look at Somebody,

My own dear Somebody,
 My constant Somebody ;
 I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,
 And steal a look at Somebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,
 And may be number'd with the blest,
 O may thy artless feeling breast
 Throb with regard for Somebody.

Ah ! will you drop one pitying tear,
 And sigh for the lost Somebody.

But should I ever live to see,
 That form so much ador'd by me,
 Then thou'l reward my constancy,
 And I'll be blest with Somebody.

Then shall my tears be dry'd by thee,
 And I'll be blest with Somebody.

AN APOLOGY ON BEING ASKED TO SING.

[*To any Tune the Singer chooses.*]

YE ask for a song, and indeed I'm quite sorry
 I cannot oblige the good company here,
 For should I begin, you would find in a hurry,
 The guests would depart, and the coast would be clear,
 They could not sit still, for to have their ears pester'd
 With such horrid notes, but away they would run
 To some lonely desert or valley sequester'd,
 And give that the preference fifty to one.

Yet, since you are so desirous to hear me,
 I now will comply, and endeavour my best,
 But I sure shall be laugh'd at by those who sit near me,
 And those afar off will but make me their jest.

"A shepherd attending his flocks on the mountain,"—
 O dear, that's too high for my voice by a tone.

"A shepherdess sat by the side of a fountain,"—
 And this is so low, I shall never get down.

But, (with your permission) I'll try at another;
 "When echo's shrill voice made the woodlands to ring;
 Oh! this is (if possible) worse than the t'other,
 So I beg you'll excuse me, for faith I can't sing.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Tune—"Flow thou regal purple stream."

MIRTH! admit us of thy crew,
 What have we with care to do?
 While we live let us employ
 Every hour in mirth and joy.
 Push the sparkling goblet round,
 For in that true joys are found;
 Wine's the cordial of the soul,
 Revel on without controul.

Let old dotards be severe,
 Treat us with a cynic sneer;
 Still we'll quaff while thus we may,
 Fate mayn't have another day;
 Envy's self shall never dare
 In our joys to interfere.
 Drink and quaff with amorous fire,
 Till with pleasure we expire.

MY GIRL, MY FRIEND, AND PITCHER,

THE wealthy fool with gold in store
 Will still desire to grow richer;
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

CHORUS. { My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With these what mortal can be richer;
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher,
 From morning sun I'd never grieve
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that when I come home at eve
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.
 Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what 'tis can bewitch her;
 With all my heart—can I be poor—
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher?
 My friend so rare, &c.

PARODY ON POOR JACK.

DEAR Polly, no longer in absence complain,
 While far o'er the ocean I sail;
 I never yet dreaded the storms on the main,
 But whistled or sung to the gale:
 I have sail'd to the East, I have sail'd to the West,
 To the North, and the South, I have been;
 No danger alarm'd me, no fear fill'd my breast,
 And safe I returned again;
 My love fill'd my mind still wherever I went,
 And my courage was never a-back;
 For I thought the good Cupid would make her content,
 And preserve my dear Poll for POOR JACK.

So now 'tis my lot for to quit you once more,
 To fight with the insolent foe ;
 Yet make yourself happy, dear Poll, on the shore,
 For fate will protect me I know :
 Death shoots his sharp arrow o'er sea and o'er land,
 And it signifies not where we die ;
 'Tis in vain to repine, when he gives his command,
 It will all be as one by and by :
 Perhaps you may die, while I sail far away,
 If you should, may I never come back !
 For I never, I'm sure, should survive that sad day,
 Which takes away Poll from POOR JACK.
 But away with such thoughts, they are foes to the brave,
 I'll think not of what is to come :
 For glory, and honour, each son of the wave,
 Will fight or will round the world roam :
 The winds may pipe loud, and the billows may roar,
 The rocks and the sands may appear ;
 Yet love will protect me, I'm certain and sure
 Once more to return to my dear :
 Then mark what I say, and believe it is true,
 With grief ne'er be taken a-back ;
 As Cupid will surely protect me for you,
 And Poll for her honest POOR JACK.
 Then once more farewell, as the wind it sits fair,
 And the vessel she casts for the sea ;
 Then cheer up your courage, and never despair,
 And whimper no longer for me :
 My heart shall be constant wherever I go,
 Each doubt and suspicion is vain ;
 I fear not the ocean, I fear not the foe—
 Hope says, I shall come safe again :
 And Cupid, who takes all true lovers in tow,
 From dangers will keep me a-back ;
 For he will protect me for Poll, I well know,
 And Poll for her honest POOR JACK,

HUNTING SONG.

A WAY to the field, fee the morning looks grey,
 And, sweetly bedappl'd, forbodes a fine day;
 The hounds are all eager the sports to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

CHORUS. { *Then bark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,*
And join with the jovial crew;
While the season invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
 'To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;
 To welcome the sun, now returning to rest,
 Their matins they chaunt as they merrily quest.

Then bark, in the morn, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
 While joyous from valley to valley resounds
 The shouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.

Then bark, in the morn, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
 Borne by their bold coursers no dangers they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then bark, in the morn, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down,
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
 Our's still is repaid with Contentment and Health.

Then bark, in the morn, &c.



THE HIGHGATE OATH.

SILENCE! take notice, you are my son,
 Full on your father look, Sir;
 This is an oath you may take as you run,
 So lay your hand on the horn-book, Sir.
 Hornaby, thornaby, Highgate and horns,
 And money by hook or by crook, Sir.

Spend not with cheaters, or coz'ners, your life,
 Nor waste it on profligate beauty;
 And when you are married, be kind to your wife,
 And true to all petticoat duty!
 Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,
 And true from the cap to the shoe-tie.

To drink to a man, when a woman is near,
 You never should hold to be right, Sir;
 Nor, unless 'tis your taste, to drink small for strong beer,
 Or eat brown bread, when you can get white, Sir.
 Mannikin, cannikin, good meat and drink,
 Are pleasant at morn, noon, and night, Sir.

To kiss with the maid, when the mistress is kind,
 A gentleman ought to be loath, Sir;
 But if the maid's fairest, your oath does not bind;
 Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, Sir.
 Kiss away, both you may, sweetly smack night and day,
 If you like it, you're bound by your oath, Sir.

When you to travel to Highgate take this oath again,
 And again, like a sound man and true, Sir;
 And if you have with you some more merry men,
 Be sure you make them take it too, Sir.
 Bless you, son, get you gone, frolic and fun,
 Old England and honest true blue, Sir.

THE PIGEON.

WHY tarries my love? ah, where does he rove?
 My lover's long absent from me;
 Come hither, my Dove, I'll write to my love,
 And send him a letter by thee.
 And send him &c.

To find him swift fly, the letter I'll tye
 Secure to thy leg with a string;
 Ah, not to my leg, fair lady, I beg,
 But fasten it under my wing. &c.

Her dove she did deck—she threw o'er his neck
 A bell and a collar so gay,
 Then ty'd to his wing the scroll with a string,
 Then kis'd him, and sent him away, &c.

It blew and it rain'd, the pigeon disdain'd
 To seek shelter, undaunted he flew,
 Till wet was his wing, and painful the string,
 The letter so heavy it grew. &c.

He flew all around 'till Colin he found,
 Then perch'd on his hand with the prize;
 Whose heart while he reads, with tenderness bleeds,
 For the pigeon he flutters and dies. &c.

THE SAILOR's ADIEU!

FAREWELL to Old England, thy white cliffs adieu!
 Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you?
 Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,
 No distance can change the true love of my soul;
 As well might my messmates determine to bale
 All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
 As direct my firm mind from its fond thought of you,
 Farewell to Old England, dear Mary, adieu!

Dear Mary, adieu! can that ship go to wreck,
 Where every plank bears your sweet name on the deck?
 Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
 While guileless my ship-mates at chequers have play'd;
 Their sports are not pastime but sorrow to me,
 My mind is more happy in sighing to thee!
 More happy by far when thinking of you,
 For the hope of return takes the sting from Adieu!

Yes! the hopes of return, all the joys of a Tar,
 'Tis his compas, his helm—'tis his guide and his star:
 'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he fails,
 It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales;
 The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
 And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day;
 With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
 And changes adieu into welcome return.

THE TANKARD OF PORTER.

WITH a cheerful old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a tankard of porter, I'd sit the night long,
 And laugh at the follies of those that repine,—
 Tho' I must drink porter while they can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great,—
 Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate;
 But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,
 Is, meanness of spirit,—not poorness of purse.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 And cheerfully spend life's remainder away:
 Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,
 For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

“ WIT, WOMEN, AND WINE.”

WHEN Jove was resolv'd to create the round earth,
He subcœna'd the Virtues divine,—

Young *Bacchus* he sat præsidentum of mirth,

And the toast was “ Wit, Women, and Wine.”

The sentiment tickled the ear of each God,—

Apollo, he wink'd at the Nine;

And Venus gave Mars, too, a fly wanton nod,

When she drank to Wit, women, and wine.”

Old Jove shook his sides, and the cup put around,

While Juno, for once, look'd divine;

These blessings, says he, shall on earth now abound,

And the toast is Wit, women, and wine.

These are joys worthy Gods, which to mortals are given,
Says Momus, who will not repine?

For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,

If man have wit, women, and wine.

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven,

Such attraction no pow'r can decline;

Old Jove by yourself, you will keep house in heav'n,

For we'll follow wit, women, and wine.

Thou'rt right, says old Jove, let us hence to the earth,

Men and Gods think variety fine;

Who'd stay in the clouds, when Goodnature and Mirth

Are below, with Wit, women, and wine.

THE INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,

But glory remains when their lights fade away;

Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,

For the son of Alknomook shall never complain,

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
 Remember your Chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
 Why so slow?—do you wait 'till I shrink from my pain?
 No—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away:
 Now the flame rises fast! You exult in my pain;
 But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
 Death comes like a friend,—he relieves me from pain;
 And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain.

LOVE PAST DEFINING.

WHY is love so past defining,
 Tell me, Reason? Chloe cry'd;
 Cupid, on his bow reclining,
 Heard the nymph, and thus reply'd:
 "Tis not Reason can inform thee,
 "Learn from me"—and shot a dart;
 "Does not secret passion warm thee?
 "Yes, (she cry'd) 'tis in my heart."

THE FOX-CHACE.

AT the sound of the horn,
 We rise in the morn,
 And waken the woods as we thunder along;
 Yoix! yoix! tally-o!
 After Reynard we go,
 While echo on echo redoubles the song.
 CHORUS. *We waken^b be woods, Us.*

Not the steed of the sun
 Our brave coursers outrun,—
 O'er the mound, horse and hound, see us bound in full cry;
 Like Phœbus we rise
 To the heights of the skies,
 And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.

We waken the woods, &c.

At eve, Sir, we rush,
 And are hard at his brush,
 Already he dies,—see him panting for breath.
 Eachfeat and defeat,
 We renew and repeat,
 Regardless of life, so we're in at the death.

We waken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
 We prolong the delight;
 Much Trim bush we praise, and the deeds that were done.
 And yoix! tally-o!
 Next morning we go
 With Phœbus to end—as we mount with the sun.

NANCY's LAMENTATION.

“ Born under different stars, one fate they have,
 “ The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave.”

TEARS wash my sad cheeks, while I tell the story
 Of Henry, the bravest of all British tars;
 Crowned with laurels, surrounded with glory,
 He scarce show'd the dangers he shar'd in the wars.
 Under Rodney, the gallant he fought and obtain'd
 The thanks and applause of his Captain's brave crew;
 But cruel the fate, and unkind, that ordain'd
 Such an end to my Henry, so good and so true.

With rapture he fix'd his fond eyes upon me,
 The few hours leave he'd to spend on the shore ;
 Oh ! how my heart beat, when he tore himself from me,
 But little I thought I should ne'er see him more.
 His feet scarce on deck, when with dangers surrounded,
 The ship Royal George to the deep was consign'd ;
 Brave Kempenfelt funk, and my Henry, confounded
 At death's near approach, to his fate was resign'd.
 Of so noble a ship, a commander so brave,
 The nation had cause her sad loss to deplore ;
 And the hundreds of souls overwhelm'd with the waves,
 Caus'd the tears of the widows and orphans on shore.
 But, my Henry, my love, to me was a nation—
 My Henry, was all my fond heart could deplore ;
 But a victim he's fall'n to the boist'rous ocean,
 And his faithful, poor Nancy, will ne'er see him more !

PURE LOVE.

THE waves were hush'd, the sky serene,
 When failing on the main,
 Ben from the maintop view'd the scene,
 And sung in tender strain :
 Dear Sal, this picture round my neck,
 Which bears thy likeness true,
 Shall e'er my faithful bosom deck,
 Which throbs for only you.
 Still was the night when last on shore,
 We took a parting kiss,
 And warm the vows each other swore,
 To meet again in bliss :
 A token then my Sally gave,
 'Tis this which now I view,
 And in my heart shall ever live,
 Which throbs for only you,

Sweet Sal wherever you may rove,
 Ah ! kindly think on me ;
 And this dear 'semblance of my love
 Shall prove I doat on thee :
 Wherever bound, by night or day,
 Still as the needle true,
 My constant heart shall never stray,
 Which throbs for only you.

SONG IN TWELFTH-NIGHT.

HOW imperfect is expression,
 Some emotions to impart !
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart !
 When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat what broken, falt'ring, dying
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
 Quite expressive paints my cheek,
 Ask no more—behold your error ;
 Blushes eloquently speak.

What tho' silent is my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air ;
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
 Read what yours have written there.

O, that you could once conceive me !
 Once my heart's strong feelings view !
 Love has nought more fond, believe me ;
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 From you I am wild despairing,
 With you speechless as I touch ;
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.

LOVE AND WINE.

WINE the human soul inspires,
 And kindles all its gen'rous fires,
 And kindles &c.
 On ardour's wings the lover flies,
 With joys resolute in his eyes.

CHORUS.

*Give me then those charms divine,
 Give me Love, and give me Wine.*

Wine can truest pleasures boast,
 Happy's he who drinks the most,
 He can fortune's malice dare,
 Laughing at the frowns of care.

Give me then &c.

Sober mortals, cease to prate,
 Wine alone can friends create;
 Joining lib'ral soul to soul,
 Friendship hails the nectar'd bowl.

Give me then &c.

MY PRETTY POLLY.

FROM North to South, from East to West,
 I've plough'd the ocean wide,
 With fearful danger oft opprest,
 By warring winds and tide;
 The billows roll'd, the ship was toss'd,
 My heart was funk, my hopes were lost:
 But now return'd, and free from harms,
 O let my harbour be your arms,
 My pretty Polly.

When whizzing balls around me flew,
 My heart would sink thro' fear;
 But rous'd by one bleit thought of you,
 My life became more dear:
 Boldly I fought my country's foe,
 And laurels crown'd thy Harry's brow;
 I dar'd all dangers, scorn'd alarms,
 In hopes to harbour in your arms,
 My pretty Polly.

For you I toil'd, for you I fought,
 My thoughts were stili on you;
 The life I fav'd, the wealth I fought,
 Had stili your blifs in view:
 With store of gold to make you gay,
 We'll anchor safe in wedlock's bay,
 Secure from storms and rude alarms,
 O let my harbour be your arms,
 My pretty Polly.

THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
 As the danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
 He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd,
 And prais'd the soft grace of her mien;
 But all her accomplishments known,
 Gentle Werter began to adore;
 He sighs for a heart not her own,
 And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.
 Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
 As a friend gentle Werter was dear;
 Her finiles oft his sorrow assuag'd,
 While pity has dropt a soft tear.

Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and she cry'd,
 Werter, leave me, and see me no more ;
 He figh'd,—he obey'd,—and he dy'd !
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
 Under pity's soft garb hide his dart ;
 Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,
 While pity still wrings Charlotte's heart.
 And oft o'er his grave has she cried,
 While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
 He saw me,—he lov'd,—and he dy'd !
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

WHEN first the fatal news arriv'd,
 That Werter was no more ;
 Charlotte of reason was depriv'd—
 Fell senseless on the floor.
 When she reviv'd, her eyes she rais'd,
 And cry'd, with wild despair,
 His faithful heart be ever prais'd,
 For Love and Truth dwelt there.

The wretched Charlotte at his tomb
 Oft paid the tribute due ;
 Wept o'er his grave, and mourn'd his doom,
 And figh'd for love so true.
 His loss she could not long survive,
 For life was at a stand ;
 Her colour fled, her cheeks grew pale,—
 She dropp'd her lily hand.

Then gently rais'd her eyes to heav'n,
 With feeble voice she cry'd,
 Blest youth, be all thy faults forgiv'n,—
 She heav'd a sigh—and dy'd.

Albert he mourn'd his wife and friend,
 And shed the tender tear :
 The village wept their mournful end,
 And nought was left to cheer.

BACCHANALIAN.

FLOW thou regal, purple stream,
 Tincted by the solar beam,
 In my goblet sparkling rife,
 Cheer my heart and glad my eyes;
 My brain ascehd on fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, Wine, a jovial king.

While I live I'll lave my clay,
 When I'm dead and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, but that was May.





CATCHES, GLEES, &c.

GLEE.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

WE, on the present hour relying,
Think not of future or of past,
But seize each moment as 'tis flying,
Perhaps the next may be our last.

Perhaps old Charon at his ferry,
This moment waits to waft us o'er ;
Then charge your glasses, and be merry,
For fear we ne'er should charge them more.

With brow austere, and head reclining,
Let Envy, Age, and haggard Care,
Grow sour, and at our joys repining,
Blame pleasures which they cannot *share*.

Put round the glasses and be jolly,
In spite of all such idle stuff,
Whether 'tis wisdom, or 'tis folly,
'Tis PLEASURE, boys, and that's enough.

GLEE.

COMPOSED BY MR. WEBBE.

GLORIOUS Apollo from on high beheld us,
 Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise;
 Sent Polyphemus hither to shiel'd us,
 While we ourselves such a structure might raise.
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
 Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,
 Musick inspiring unity and joy;
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
 Glee and good-humour our hours employ.
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
 Long may continue our unity and joy.

GLEE.

TUNE—"GLORIOUS APOLLO."

GODDESS of Freedom! from on high behold us,
 While thus to thee we dedicate our lays;
 Long in thy cause hath principle enroll'd us,
 Here to thy name a monument we raise.
 Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,
 Sing we in harmony to Freedom's praise,
 Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,
 Zeal that inspir'd our patriots of yore;
 Each pledge of Freedom giving and partaking,
 Join we our bleeding country to restore.
 Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,
 Send the shouts of LIBERTY from shore to shore.

DUET.

WHEN BIBO thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champaign as an eggs full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat,—and to Charon he said,
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.

Trim, trim the boat and fit quiet,
 Old Charon reply'd;
 You may have forgot, you may have forgot,
 You were drunk when you dy'd.

A SONG FOR TWO VOICES.

WHEN first I saw three graceful move,
 Ah! me, what meant my throbbing breast?
 Say, soft Confusion, art thou Love?
 If Love thou art, then farewell rest.
 With gentle smiles affuage the pain
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And though you may not love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

DUET.

COMPOSED BY MR. JACKSON.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
 Nor bent me with his iron hand:
 Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
 Ere autumn yet the fruit demand?
 Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
 'Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
 Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
 And sing of love ere I grow old.

DUET.

COMPOSED BY MR. HADYN.

AS I saw fair CLORA walk alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down;
 As Jove descending from his tow'r,
 To court her in a silver show'r.

The wanton snow flew to her breasts,
 Like little birds into their nests:
 But being *overcome* with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear.

Thence falling on her garment's hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

THE COMICAL FELLOW.

A GLEE.

SIR, you're a comical fellow,
 Your nose it is hooked,
 Your back it is crooked;
 And you are a comical fellow.
 What I? no, you are a comical fellow.

Nay, you are a comical fellow,
 You squint with such grace,
 So red is your face;
 'Tis you are a comical fellow.

You, you, 'tis you are a comical fellow.
 What I, am I a comical fellow?
 No, no, pray do not say so;
 I'm sure I'm no comical fellow.

DUET.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hill does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn !
 When the antling stag is rouz'd by the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :
 Yet still we pursue,—and now come in view
 of the glorious game.

O, see ! how again he rears up his head,
 And, winged with fear, redoubles his speed :
 But, oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,—
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the cries,
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,—
 And he pants, 'till, with well-scented hounds
 surrounded, he dies.

GLEE.

TUNE—"YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND."

YE Senators of England, who keep the Nation's purse,
 Ah ! little, Sirs, are you aware how times grow worse & worse :
 Give ear to British honesty ; and that will plainly show
 All the cares and the fears, when the storm of War does blow.

Ye Statesmen, too, of England, who manage Britain's helm,
 Who give us peace and plenty too, or wars that overwhelm ;
 While you in riches roll along, think who are doom'd to know
 All the loss and the cost, when the storm of Wars does blow.

Then sheathe the bloody faulchion, and give sweet Peace again ;
 Contentment and Prosperity will follow in her train ;
 But e'en the shouts of Victory no raptures can bestow ;
 For we shrink, when we think how the storm of War does blow.

CATCH, FOR THREE VOICES.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,
 Now thy tyrant reign is o'er,
 Fill the merry bowl, my boys,
 Join in Bacchanalian roar.

Seize the villain, plunge him in,
 See the hated miscreant dies,
 Mirth and all thy train come in,
 Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs.

O'er the merry midnight bowl,
 O, how happy we shall be!
 Day was made for vulgar souls,
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

GLEE.

A DIEU! to the village delights,
 Which lately my fancy enjoy'd;
 No longer the country invites,
 To me all its pleasures are void.
 Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill!
 Thou canst not my comfort restore;
 For ever adieu, my dear vill!
 My Lucy, alas! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,
 My blessing, my honour, my pride;
 She ne'er gave me cause to complain,
 Till that fatal day when she dy'd.
 Her eyes that so beautiful shone,
 Are closed for ever in sleep;
 And mine since my Lucy is gone,
 Have nothing to do but to weep.

Cou'd my tears the bright angel restore,
 Like a fountain they never should cease;
 But Lucy, alas ! is no more,
 And I am a stranger to peace.
 Let me copy with fervour devout
 The virtues which glow'd in her heart,
 Then soon when life's sand is run out,
 We shall meet again never to part.

DUET, IN WINDSOR-CASTLE.

COMPOSED BY MR. PEARCE.

THE blush on her cheek, was by Modesty dreft,
 And her eyes beam'd the Virtues which dwell in her breast;
 May those eyes and that bosom for ever, blest Fair,
 Be unclouded by sorrow—unruffled by care !
 Or if a tear start, or a sigh gently move,
 May the tear be of rapture, the sigh be of love !

ULLABY.—A GLEE.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no danger nigh ;
 The wind and waves in gentle motion,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Soothe them with their lullaby.
 Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
 Still no danger they descry ;
 The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with its lullaby. *Lullaby &c.*

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

NOW we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows,
And burn, burn the bellows, the bellows,
And burn, burn the bellows.

When the foul with claret glows,
And wisdom shines upon the nose,
O then 's the time to sing old Rose,
And burn, burn the bellows, the bellows. &c.

GLEE.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.
Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

GLEE.

HOW merrily we live that shepherds be,
That shepherds, shepherds be,
Roundelay, Roundelay, Roundelay,
Still we sing with merry glee:
On the pleasant downs, where, as our flocks we see,
We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns,
We have no envy, which sweet mirth confounds.

DUET.

OLD CHIRON thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles;
 I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the fate's will is;
 You, my boy, must go
 ('The Gods will have it so)
 To the Siege of Troy,—

Thence never to return to Greece again,
 But before those walls to be slain.

Ne'er let your noble courage be cast down;
 But, all the while you lie before the town,
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry,
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

COMPOSED BY DR. HARINGTON.

HOW wretched those who tasteless live,
 And say this world no joys can give.
 Why tempts yon turtle sprawling?
 Why smoaks the glorious haunch?
 Are these not joys full calling
 To bless our mortal paunch?

O 'tis merry in the hall,
 When the beards wag all.
 What a noise, and what a din;
 How they glitter round the chin!
 Give me fowl, give me fish,
 Now for some of that nice dish;
 Cut me this, and cut me that,
 Send me crust, and send me fat.

Some for tit-bits pulling, hawling,
 Legs, wings, breast, head;
 Some for liquor scolding, bawling;
 Hock, Port, White, Red.
 Here 'tis cramming, cutting, flashing;
 There the grease and gravy splashing.
 Look, Sir! what you've done;
 Sounds, Sir, you've cut off the Alderman's Thumb;
 Oh! my Thumb, my Thumb, &c.

GLEE.—ARNO's VALE.

WHEN here Lucinda first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How blest the nymphs, the swains how gay,
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:
 The birds in livelier concert sung;
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
 All look'd as joy cou'd never fail
 Among the sweets of Arno's Vale.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELD.

O H! why to be happy a moment forbear,
 From a dread that a sorrow may fall to our share?
 Why look for the night, when the fun's in his noon?
 For come Care when it will, we shall meet it too soon.
 On the blithe minutes past no regret shall be shed,
 But we welcome with wine those that come in her stead;
 And Time, bearing witness, to give us his due,
 Shall own that we sprinkled his wings as he flew.

GLEE.

Sung at the Somerset-House Lodge of Free-Masons.

COMPOSED BY MR. R. STOFFORTH.

LIGHTLY o'er the village green
Blue-ey'd Fairies sport unseen,
Round and round, in circles gay—
Then at Cock-crow flit away:
Thu', 'tis said, tho' mortal eye
Ne'er their merry freaks could spy,
Elves for Mortals lisp the pray'r—
Elves are Guardians of the Fair;
*Thus, like Elves, in mystic ring,
Merry Masons drink and sing.*

Come, then; Brothers lead along
Social Rites and mystic Song!
Tho' nor Madam, Miss, or Bess,
Could our Mylt'ries ever gues,
Nor could ever learn'd Divine
Sacred Masonry define,
Round our Order close we bind
Laws of Love to all mankind!

*Thus, like Elves, in mystic ring,
Merry Masons drink and sing.*

Health, then, to each honest man,
Friend to the Masonic plan!
Leaving Parsons grave to blunder,
Leaving Ladies fair to wonder,
Leaving Thomas still to lie,
Leaving Betty still to spy,
Round and round we push our Glass—
Round and round each toasts his Lass.

*Thus, like Elves, in mystic ring,
Merry Masons drink and sing.*

GLEE.

COMPOSED BY DR. HARINGTON.

LIFE's short moments still are wasting,
 Sorrow's streams around us flow ;
 Few delights are worth the tasting,
 Vain the fleeting joys we know :
 Soon each fancy'd bliss is ending,
 Hope deceives, and fear alarms,
 Subtle snares on youth attending,
 Age on beauty's boasted charms.

DUET.

COMPOSED BY MR. JACKSON.

AH! what avails thy lover's pray'r,
 His incense clouds the sky in vain.
 Nor wealth, nor greatness, was his care,
 Thee, thee alone, he begg'd to gain.
 With thee to waste the pleasing day,
 When ev'ry hour in joy was past ;
 With love insensibly decay,
 And on thy bosom breathe my last.

GLEE, ON A MUSICIAN'S TOMB.

COMPOSED BY DR. HARINGTON.

OThou, whose notes could oft remove
 The pang of woe or hapless love,
 Rest here, distract'd by cares no more,
 And taste such calm thou gav'it before ;
 Sleep undisturb'd within thy peaceful shrine,
 'Till angels wake thee with such notes as thine.

GLEE, IN THE DUENNA.

THIS bottle's the fun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We—planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound!
You'll soon grow bright
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

DUET, IN JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

SEE the conquering Hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See the god-like youth advance,
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

GLEE, FOR FOUR VOICES.

COMPOSED BY BARON DILLON.

FOR you, ye Fair, who deign to grace our meeting,
We join with cheerful harmony,
We join to hail you greeting;
If by our Songs, by our Catches, or our Glees,
We may obtain our utmost wish, our wish to please;
Accept our efforts, for we fain would prove,
Our motto and our sentiment
Is—" HARMONY and LOVE."

DUET.

COMPOSED BY DR. HARRINGTON.

HOW sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn
 To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn ;
 But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
 For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view :—
 She's lost !
 Fair Daphne is lost to my view !

Afflit me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
 More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain ;
 In pity o'er take her, who wounds as she flies,—
 Tho' Daphne's pursu'd,—'tis Myrtillo that dies ;—
 That dies !
 Tho' Daphne's pursued,—'tis Myrtillo that dies.

DUET,
TO THE SAME AIR.

THE Stag through the forest, when rouz'd by the horn,
 Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn !
 Quick panting, heart bursting ; the hounds now in view,
 Speed doubles ! speed doubles ! they eager pursue.
 But 'scaping the hunters, again through the groves,
 Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves ;
 Not so in his soul, who from tyrant Love flies,—
 The shaft overtakes him,—despairing—he dies.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

HARK the hollow woods resounding,
 Echo to the hunter's cry :
 Hark how all the vales surrounding,
 To each cheering voice reply.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
 See the fox, the hounds, the men,
 Cunning cannot save from ruin,
 Far from refuge, wood, and den.
 Now they have him, homeward hie him,
 For a jovial night's repast,
 Thus no sorrows e'er come nigh 'em,
 Health continues to the last.

CATCH,
 ON CHRIST-CHURCH BELLS IN OXFORD.

HARK the bonny Christ-Church bells 1 2 3 4 5 6,
 They found so woun'dy great, so wond'rrous sweet,
 And they troul so merrily, merrily.
 Hark the first and second bell that ev'ry day at four and ten,
 Cries come, come—come to pray'rs, and the virgin troop
 before the Dean.
 Tingle, tingle, ting ! goes the small bell at nine, to call the
 bearers home ;
 But the de'il a man will leave his can, 'till he hears the
 mighty Tom !

DUET.

TOGETHER let us range the fields,
 Impearled with the morning dew ;
 Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
 Or the apple's clustering bough :
 There, in close-embowered shades,
 Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
 By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

IF delights were only giv'n,
 Grief no more an earthly guest,
 Mortals then would lack a heav'n,
 Life would lose its keenest zest.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

WINE does wonders every day,
 Makes the heavy light and gay,
 Throws off all their melancholy,
 Makes the wiser go astray,
 And the busy toy and play,
 And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes tremb'ling cowards bold,
 Men in years forget their old;
 Women leave their coy disdaining,
 Who till then were shy and cold;
 Makes a niggard flight his gold,
 And the foppish entertaining.

CATCH, IN THE DUENNA.

A Bumper of good liquor
 Will end a contest quicker,
 Than justice, judge, or vicar—
 So fill a cheerful glass,
 And let good-humour pass:
 But if deeper be the quarrel,
 Why sooner drain the barrel,
 Than be that hateful fellow,
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.

TRIO.

THE flocks shall leave the mountains,
 The woods the turtle-dove;
 The nymphs forsake the fountains,
 Ere I forsake my love.
 Despair I cannot, cannot bear,
 Torture, fury, rage, despair!
 Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
 Nor funshine to the bee;
 Not sleep to toil so pleasing,
 As these dear similes to me.
 Die, presumptuous Acis! die.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

COMPOSED BY DR. HARRINGTON.

COME, follow, follow me,
 Ye fairy elves that be,
 And trip it still unseen,
 Come, follow Mab your queen!
 Hand in hand let's dance around,
 And lightly tread this circled ground.
 When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest,
 Unheard and unespied
 We through the key-holes glide.
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 How nimbly sport our fairy elves;
 By midnight revels, when distract'd,
 And wearied nature seeks her rest;
 Soon as the moon doth hide her head
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

COMPOSED BY MR. CALCOT.

WHEN Arthur first in court began
 To wear long hanging sleeves,
 He entertain'd three serving men,
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot,
 The third he was a Welshman,
 And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irishman lov'd usquebaugh; the Scot lov'd ale call'd
 blue-cap:

The Welshman he lov'd toasted cheese, and made his mouth
 like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman; the Scot was drown'd in ale;
 The Welshman had like to be choak'd with a mouse,
 But he pull'd him out by the tail.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

YE Gentlemen of England,
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 All the cares and the fears,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
 When England is at wars
 With any foreign nations,
 We fear nor wounds, nor scars.

Our roaring guns shall teach 'em,
 Our valour for to know:
 Whilst they reel on the keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow. *When &c.*

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd;
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade.
 Our Merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth, we know;
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow. *When &c.*

THE MARINERS.—A GLEE.

TUNE—"YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND."

YE Landsmen listen to my song,
 Who safely dwell on shore,
 You ne'er shall see the rising waves,
 Or hear the surges roar.
 Where pleasure do surround you,
 These cares you cannot know,
 Nor the pain, on the main,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds &c.

The sailor must have courage,
 No danger they must shun,
 In ev'ry kind of weather,
 Their course they still must run.
 When mounted on the topmast,
 How dreadful 'tis below!
 While the waves move the seas,
 When the stormy winds do blow. *When &c.*

Old Neptune shakes his trident,
 The billows mount on high,
 Their shells the Tritons sounding,
 The flashing lightnings fly:
 The wat'ry graves now open,
 All dreadful from below!
 Then we ride on the tide,
 While the stormy winds do blow. *While* *Sc.*

Proud France again insulting,
 Bold British valour dare,
 Our flag we must support now,
 And thunder in the war.
 To humble them, come on now,
 We'll lay their lilies low;
 Clear the way, for the fray,
 When the stormy winds do blow. *When* *Sc.*

But when the danger's over,
 And safe we come on shore,
 The horrors of the tempest,
 We think of them no more!
 The flowing can invites us,
 And joyfully we go,
 All the day drink away,
 When the stormy winds do blow. *When* *Sc.*

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